

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 1d.

ENGINES ROARING IN THE CLOUDS

CHEROKEE TEEHEE

GREAT STORY OF THE LIBERTY BOND

Tomahawk and America's
Teeming Millions

RISE OF A RED INDIAN BOY

On every Liberty Bond in America, the bonds by which the Government at Washington financed the war, is an odd-looking name, Houston T. Teehee. It is the name in which the Government of the United States has pledged itself on twenty million bonds to pay the holder back in full. It stands for the financial honour of America.

Whose is this odd name? It is the name of a Red Indian boy!

The Wigwam Boy

His father was a Red Indian warrior of the Cherokees, who fought on the side of the Federals in the Civil War. Suiting his name to his record, he was called Di-hi-hi, which means, the Killer. The American troops nicknamed him Teehee, the word they use to describe a giggling laugh. The name clung to the Red Indian brave, and when a little papoose was born in the warrior's wigwam he, too, was called Teehee.

The Christian name and the initial came like the name of Booker T. Washington, the great negro leader. He, when he was emancipated from slavery, took the name of the country's greatest man as his own surname, used Booker out of love of literature, and put in a T. to be in the American fashion.

With his curious name young Teehee grew up in the family wigwam, in the Indian reservation in Sequoyah County, Oklahoma, and he spoke only his native tongue. At 18 he went to the Cherokee school, still talking Cherokee, and entered the white world of America as much a foreigner as if he had been in France.

Rapid Rise to Fame

To learn English was his passion. He got a little knowledge by reading at nights, then he went back to the Red Indian reservation, worked first on a farm, and then in a native store, until he had money enough to take him to a college. Later on he worked at law and at public duties in an Indian village.

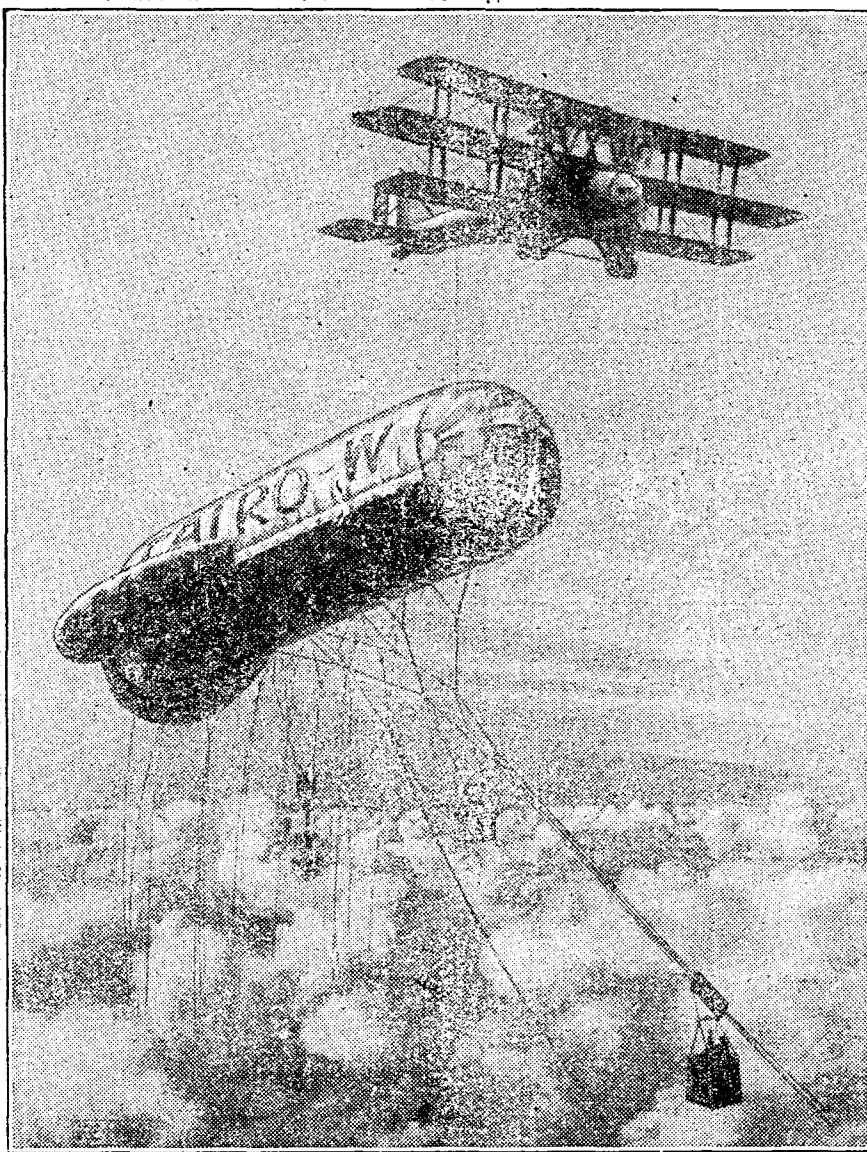
When the village grew into a city this man with the name of a laugh became its first mayor, progressing next to a seat in the Oklahoma Parliament, where he specialised in constitutional law. The result was that in 1914 he was appointed United States Probate Attorney, and a year later became Registrar of the Treasury. In that capacity his name has appeared on every Liberty Bond that has been issued in the United States; and that is how it happens that a man whose father plied the tomahawk has his name on one of the splendid scraps of paper with which the Allies won the war.

What a World This Is

The world is changing fast. Bliss it is in these days, as Wordsworth would have said, to be alive, and to be young is very heaven. The Children's Newspaper is young, and it will live to see and tell the story of wonders yet undreamed. What do these pages tell?

They tell us of trains that will run under the sea, and take us from London to Calcutta. They tell us of engines that will take us through the clouds, or anywhere we want to go. They tell us of the wireless telephone by which men may speak to one another anywhere.

It is coming, all this and more. Those who read the thousandth number of this paper will see it all, with wonders greater yet.



THIS WAY TO CAIRO—THE NEW SIGN-POST OF THE CLOUDS

RIVERS SOLID WITH LIVING SALMON

Eureka, the port and capital of Humboldt County, in California, stands in Humboldt Bay, so its inhabitants know something of fish and fishing; but they have just had a rare experience.

In order to link their Big Lagoon with the harbour, they have cut a canal. When the last obstruction was removed, and fresh water from the lake began to flow into the sea, an astonishing thing happened. The new canal suddenly became alive with salmon from the sea.

This is quite an unusual course for salmon to follow. Though a few may wander to strange rivers, the majority

return from their sea-feeding to the rivers from which they first entered the deep. There must have been an exceptional swarm of salmon in Humboldt Bay for this to have occurred.

Tasting the sweet water of the inland lagoon, they would rush up the canal to lay their eggs; and so tremendous was the invasion that the entire waterway was choked with leaping, struggling, writhing salmon. The same sort of thing happens in the inland waters of Alaska and Kamschatka, where the salmon swarm in such numbers that the rivers become solid with them.

SNAKE AND LIZARD RACE

EXCITING CHASE IN A MUSEUM

How the Snake Missed the Lizard and Caught Itself

In his charming book "Tropic Days," Mr. E. J. Banfield, the prince of beach-combers, cites an extraordinary snake adventure from Australia. It is about a little "whip snake" that was kept in a case in the Australian museum, where it used to lie during the cooler months under a piece of bark.

One day a small skink lizard was put into the case, and the snake began a lively chase. The lizard ran under the bark, and on reaching the other side scampered back over the top, closely pursued by the snake. The lizard re-entered the bark tunnel, from which the tail of the snake was rapidly disappearing.

The Snake's Tragic Blunder

The snake was just on the lizard's heels, and made a lunge. It missed the lizard, and struck its own retreating tail, about two inches from the tip. In that amazing situation it held on firmly, and force was needed to make it let go.

So here was a matter-of-fact foundation for the widespread belief that snakes sometimes begin to swallow themselves. It was a blunder on the whip-snake's part; it aimed at the lizard and struck itself, just as we sometimes bite our tongue. The pertinacious holding on is easily understood, for the jaws and teeth of snakes are adapted not to let go once the snake has struck successfully.

Once the snake strikes and holds with its fangs, the object must go forward down its assailant's throat, or the reptile perishes. The lower jaw of the serpent is hinged; when it has taken hold, first the right under-jaw moves forward and takes an advanced grip; then the left follows suit. The fangs curve inwards towards the throat, and every forward-reaching bite draws the victim a little farther in. There can be no letting out, for the hook-like teeth cannot reverse their action.

An Adventure at the Zoo

That is the explanation of one of the mysteries of the Zoo. One night a keeper placed two pigeons in a compartment which contained a pair of friendly-boas-constrictors. In the morning the keeper found both pigeons had been eaten, but only one snake remained!

In all likelihood, having eaten one pigeon, it struck at the second bird when the smaller snake had already begun its meal. Both snakes would then be eating the same pigeon. The second boa would find the first boa's head in the way, and as it could not disgorge the pigeon, it would necessarily take the other boa's head as well.

WIRELESS TELEPHONE

Flying Men Talk to Each Other

GROWING WONDER OF THE CLOUDS

The wireless telephone is coming on apace; but for the war we should now have been able to talk by wireless round the world.

Within the last few years men's voices have been heard from America to Europe: that is to say, men speaking in New York were heard at the Eiffel Tower. But within the last few weeks the great feat has been accomplished of enabling two men flying in the clouds to talk to one another miles apart. That is the beginning of stupendous things.

Men have for some time been able to speak from the earth to an aeroplane in the sky, and to receive a spoken message from it; they have also been able to communicate by wireless both ways.

But it is a new achievement for men moving at 100 miles an hour to speak to one another; and it means that the day has come when we shall be able to speak to each other from train or ship or aeroplane. Within the last few weeks the President of America has spoken by wireless from sea, and now the Secretary of the American Navy has spoken by wireless to the clouds—from his office in Washington to a man who was flying 150 miles away.

Pocket Wireless

It is hoped that the Marconi company may next year have desk telephones in London for speaking to New York. You will take up your telephone, and ask for Central One, New York, and will hear as plainly as if the voice were in your room.

But even greater things than that the Marconi Company hopes to do, for it is believed that pocket wireless sets are coming, so that a man may hear a bell ring in his pocket, take out the little receiver, put it to his ear, and hear the voice of his friend—perhaps from a city in Philadelphia, or from a train going to Jerusalem, or from a liner in mid-Atlantic, or from an aeroplane flying over Moscow. So we go forward. As Galileo said, when they tortured him for believing that the earth goes round—the world *does* move.

NOT TOO QUICKLY

Princess Pat has left the kings and joined the people. Queen Marie of Rumania thinks we must not be in too much of a hurry in making these tremendous changes. She has been speaking to some journalists, and it is very interesting to hear her saying, as she talks about the Bolsheviks: "You must not upset us kings and queens so quickly as that."

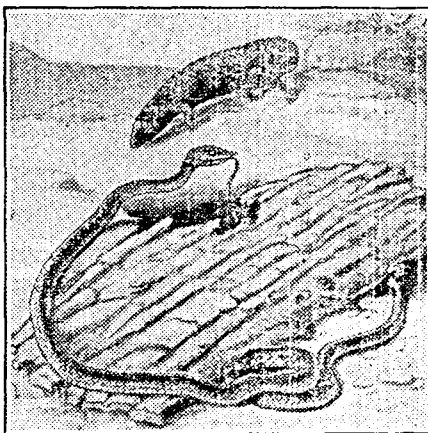
RIDING IN TRAINS UNDER THE SEA

Tubes that will open the Way from London to Bombay

The first men to reach Britain walked in with unmoistened feet. We were part of Europe, the most westerly stretch of her coast. But the land-bridge sank and the sea broke through, and we became islanders.

Ever since then communication with the Continent has been by ship until the aeroplane came. Now it seems as if the dream of ages is to come true, for we are to burrow under the bed of the Straits of Dover and ride under the sea by train. The Channel Tunnel is coming, and peace has made this great dream possible.

Only military considerations have held back the scheme in the past. In spite of elaborate precautions, such as the possibility of flooding the tunnel



The Snake that missed the Lizard and caught itself. See story on page one

to the roof for the distance of a mile, and of blowing up the entrance to it at the touch of a button, the military and naval authorities have hitherto opposed the plan. But with Germany beaten, almost everything is possible.

The proposal is to drive two parallel tubes, each 18 feet in diameter, through the grey chalk which forms the bed of the sea, with cross tunnels at every

200 yards or so. The material will be dug out by revolving cutters working in steel shields, which will support the matter overhead as they advance. The material excavated will be brought out of the tunnel by rapidly revolving endless belts.

The entire plant for working will be electrical; and a huge power station will be erected in Kent, around which will grow up a model town for the workmen and their families. The entire work will cost, it is estimated, between 20 and 25 million pounds, and will last five years, or perhaps eight.

The tunnel completed, trains starting from a great new terminus at Charing Cross will pass from England, travel for 30 or 40 minutes in the tunnel, reach France, and traverse Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, as far as Constantinople. Each journey could be made without a change of train. The way lies open to Poland and Russia, with Vladivostok as the terminus.

New Chapter of Travel

A tunnel under Gibraltar Strait would carry a train out of Europe into Africa, adding a new chapter of travel to the mental creation of Cecil Rhodes, who dreamed of a Cape to Cairo railway. The tunnel will therefore give us access by train to Asia and Africa; and we shall be able one day to travel the entire Old World. While some of us are riding to America above the clouds, others will be riding to France under the sea, and on from France to anywhere, with only brief spells upon the water.

Here are some facts which give an idea of the work involved in the Channel Tunnel. It will employ about 4000 men and cost £20,000,000. They will bore a double way through chalk for 30 miles, 22 miles under water. Each of these two ways will have a drainage gallery beneath it. Four or five million tons of chalk will be excavated.

THE GRAND DUKE'S LAST FRIEND

Pathetic Story from Russia

When the war opened the Grand Duke Nicholas, commanding a mighty army of Russians, was one of the most powerful and respected men in all the world. When he was murdered, two months ago, he walked to the place of execution with one friend left at his side, and that was a kitten.



Grand Duke Nicholas

With the rise of Bolshevism, the Grand Duke, who invaded East Prussia to save the Allies after the Retreat from Mons, was arrested and taken from one prison to another, eventually reaching the terrible fortress of Peter and Paul in Petrograd. In that tragic pile there was not one to do reverence to this man who had saved the Allied Armies. A little kitten was the Grand Duke's sole companion. Rations were served to him only three times a week, and he shared his allowance with his little pet.

On a bitter winter's morning a company of Bolshevik ruffians entered the Grand Duke's cell and summoned him forth. He came out with the kitten in his arms. When the moment came for him to be shot, he handed his pet to a bystander, and said, "Take care of it in memory of me." Then he fell dead, before a hail of bullets.

The story has just been told to the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, to which the Grand Duke belonged. After the recital the assembly rose and adjourned in silence, which was broken only by pitying sighs.

WHAT A DUMB MAN SAID

Charles Noakes, while fighting at the Dardanelles, had shell-shock and lost his voice. It seemed as if he was to be dumb for life; but the other day he went to a cinema, and while he was laughing at a comic picture he felt as if something was rising in his throat, and he shouted aloud: "I can speak! Thank God!" So overcome with joy was he that he fell on his knees and cried.

This sounds almost like a miracle, but recoveries of this kind have been quite frequent during the war. Soldiers who have been smitten dumb have suddenly regained power of speech; soldiers who have been smitten deaf

have suddenly heard again; soldiers unable to walk have quickly recovered the use of their legs; and soldiers unable to see have recovered their sight.

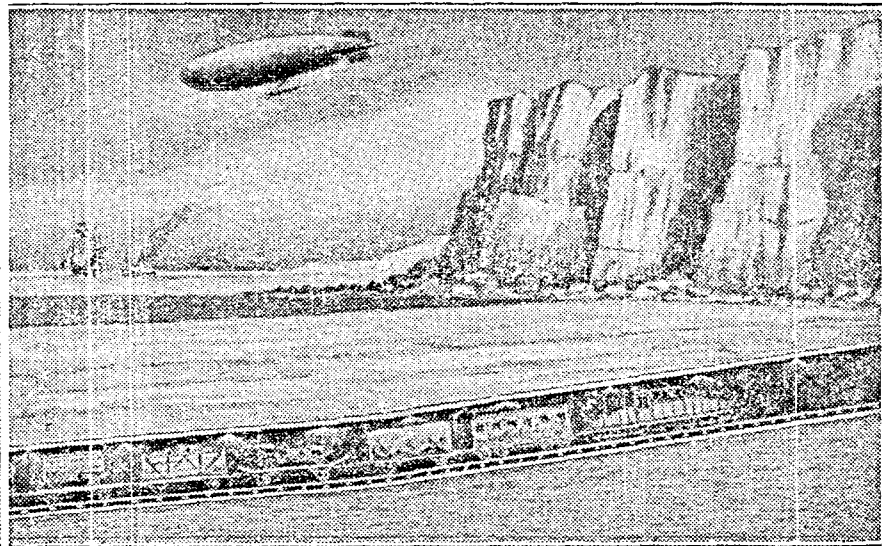
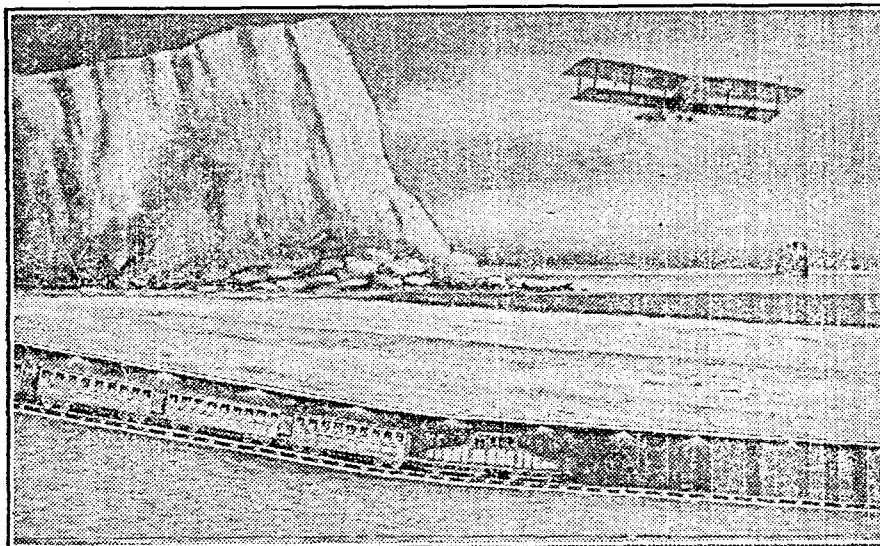
Doctors who have made a special study of nerve troubles know that in these cases of dumbness, deafness, blindness, and lameness there is no real disease, and that it is chiefly a case of the mind forgetting how to use the senses and muscles which are ordinarily its servants. One hears of people who, when they are frightened, forget their own name, and even lose power over their legs, and these cases of deafness and blindness and dumbness are of that kind. It is the will that has lost its power over the body.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does Bolshevik mean? Bolshevik is a Russian word meaning majority, so that a Bolshevik is a man in a majority, and the word has been adopted by the revolutionaries.

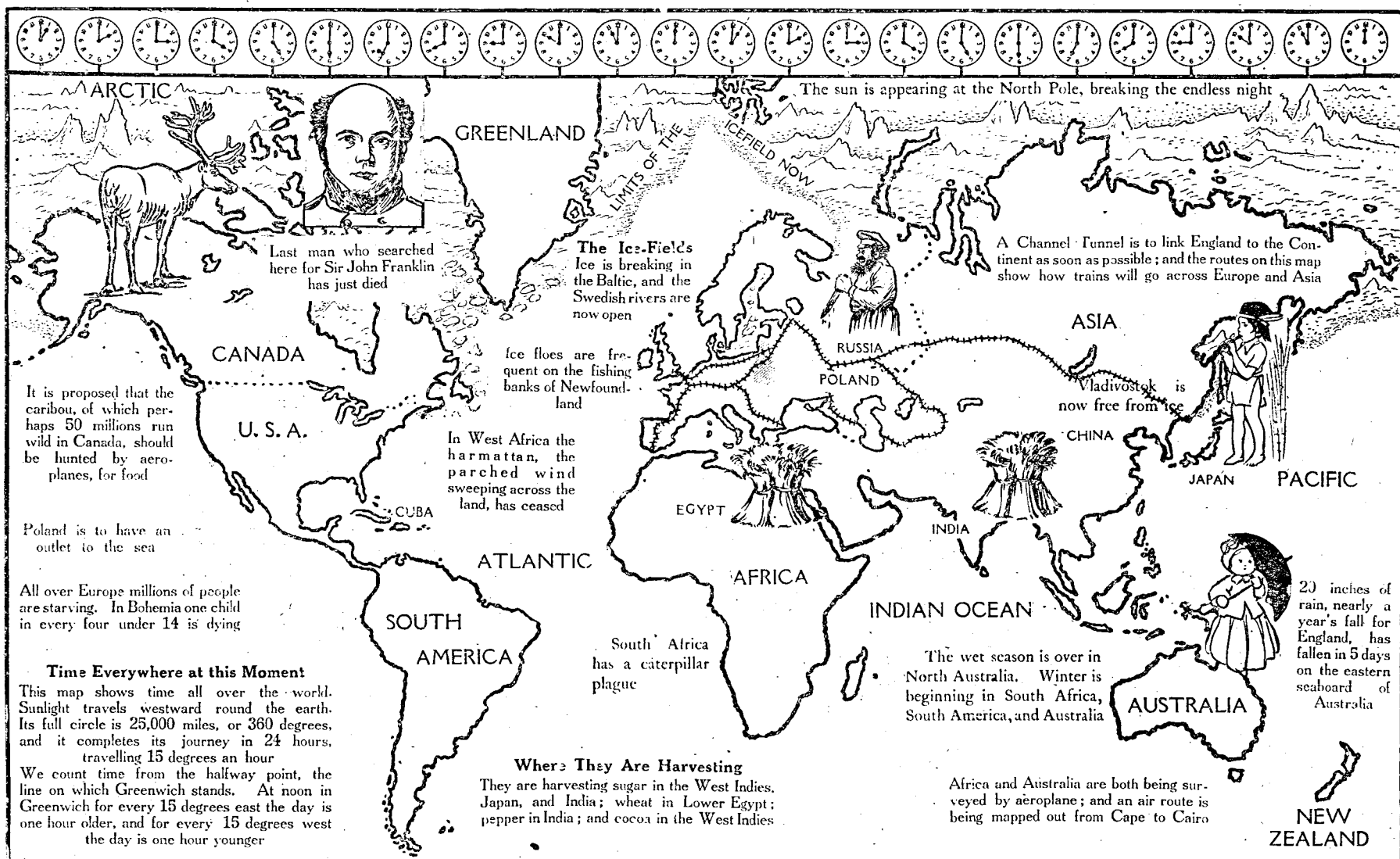
What does Red Tape mean? It is a sarcastic word for the waste of time by Government officials over matters of mere form. Documents in Government offices are tied with red tape.

What is Sinn Féin? Sinn Féin, pronounced Shin Fané, is the name of an Irish society. Translated into English the name is "ourselves alone." At present the avowed object of the society is to promote the boycotting of England; but it was originally founded by an Irish university professor for reviving the Irish language.



THE ELECTRIC TRAINS THAT WILL RUN FOR 22 MILES UNDER THE SEA, AND TAKE US FROM LONDON ACROSS EUROPE AND ASIA WITHOUT A CHANGE

THE NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD



THE LITTLE PEOPLES OF THE BROKEN EMPIRES

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT IN EUROPE

Europe is just now in a state very much like a jig-saw puzzle before you try to put it together. The task of the Peace Conference is to make this attempt. There are a large number of bits lying about. The difficulty is to fit them in to make a complete picture.

Before the war there was a complete picture—not a satisfactory nor a pleasing picture, but one which did fit together.

There were the three empires, Germany, Russia, Austria, each doing its best by means of numberless officials, policemen, and soldiers to prevent the German, Russian, and Austrian peoples from ruling themselves. There were in Russia and Austria a collection of different nationalities, each aspiring to govern itself, instead of being governed in a fashion which often offended its feelings.

Men Who Make the Quarrels

For example, there were the Finns, who, being a more civilised and orderly people than the Russians, did not at all like being ruled by Russian officials. There were the races which lived in the Baltic Provinces—Lithuanians, Letts, Estonians. There were the nationalities of the Caucasus. There were the Poles.

In the same way the Empire of the Hapsburgs, who ruled Austria-Hungary, was made up of many races, Bohemians—who are generally called nowadays by the ugly name of Czecho-Slovaks—and other peoples of Slav origin, that is, belonging to the same stock as the Russians, the Serbians, and the Bulgarians. These peoples had been drawn into the Austrian Empire during the period when no attention was paid to what little nations wanted, when small peoples were treated as the natural prey of powerful monarchs, and handed over to any monarch who could establish by force of arms his claim to rule over them.

Now most of the small nationalities want to set up as separate States, and some of them are quarrelling already over the territory they shall have. It is not by the men and women who compose these nationalities that the trouble is being made. All they want is to settle down, to cultivate their land and build their industries up again, and live in peace and quietness, not interfering with anybody and not being interfered with. Those who are making the trouble are the men who set up as governors of the new little States.

Europe's Jig-Saw Puzzle

Their object is to have as much territory as possible to govern. The more they have, the more important they will be, the larger will be the sums of money that can be gathered in by taxation. These were the motives which animated monarchs when they fought with one another for territory in the bad days which we hoped had been left behind when the Allies won the war. Unfortunately these same motives are found to be sometimes as strong in the rulers of republics as in kings.

This makes it very difficult for the Peace Conference to put together the jig-saw puzzle in a satisfactory way, and to make a picture out of all the pieces of States which are lying about.

The only way for any people to get good government is for every man and woman to take part in governing. This can be done by means of elections. The citizens of a State can decide by their votes at elections what laws they will live under, and whether they will behave peaceably and kindly towards their neighbours, or do their best to grab their neighbour's territory.

Unfortunately, even in countries which have governed themselves for a long time,

the citizens are not yet all—or anything like all—awake to the necessity of taking an intelligent interest in their country's affairs. In the small new States of Eastern Europe very few of the people understand anything beyond cultivating their land and looking after their flocks and herds. They are easily duped, therefore, into supporting whatever their rulers propose, and into believing that other peoples are their natural enemies, and so in some parts there has been more fighting.

But these battles have been nothing compared with the fierce war which has been going on in German cities. The quarrel there is between the supporters of the men who are trying to carry on the government of Germany in an orderly fashion and those who are in favour of turning these men out and adopting the system of government that has proved such a disastrous failure in Russia.

The Pitiful Mistake in Russia

This system aims at allowing only those who work, either with their hands or with their brains, to exercise the rights of citizenship. That is a good principle; probably it will be in force everywhere before many years have passed; but in Russia the attempt was made to put it in force all at once, instead of making the change gradually.

The result of this was great opposition by those who saw that they would lose by the new system. Hence the sad and terrible events which have aroused the horror and indignation of the rest of the world. Russia is another piece of the jig-saw puzzle, and a piece which is giving the Peace Conference a great deal of trouble.

Now that President Wilson has returned to Paris the work of the

Conference is being done more rapidly. He is not so popular with the French as he was when he came to Europe at the end of last year, for the French are afraid he may oppose their claims to certain German territories near the Rhine.

The French are not great believers, either, in the League of Nations. They have had the Germans in their country so long that it will be some time before they feel safe from further attacks, and they are anxious, therefore, to make Germany as weak as possible, so that there will be no possibility of war breaking out again.

Party Troubles in America

In the United States, also, there is considerable opposition to the League, mainly due to political strife. President Wilson belongs to the political party known as the Democrats, and the other party, the Republicans, would like to show that he does not really represent the American people. Of course all Americans are Republicans, and all accept the Democratic form of government, so that the names of the parties are really meaningless, and it often seems as if there were little more meaning in their acts. As is often the case with political parties, they feel bound to oppose each other, whether they are opposing a good thing or not.

But President Wilson has appealed to the honour and the nobility of the American People, and there can be little doubt that they will respond and approve the League of Nations, which he has taken the chief part in creating.

If they do not, the League will remain a dream, and we shall fail to put an end to war. That would be an appalling result of party politics. That it is even possible makes one wonder whether party politics is not so great a danger that it ought to be got rid of altogether.

H. F.

Engines Roaring Through the Clouds

WORLD'S RACE FOR MASTERY OF THE AIR

Wonders of the New Airships—Cooking Hot Dinners on the Way to America

GREAT AIRWAYS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

The genius of the nations is bent on winning victory in the air. The aeroplane and the airship move on from achievement to achievement. The great routes of the sky are being mapped out. Policemen of the air are being appointed. Wireless signals, balloon signposts, telephonic communication, universal weather news, are all being arranged.

The Peace Conference in Paris is alive to all this mighty development, though Great Britain is the only country that has its flying experts there. It has already been decided that no country shall prevent the aircraft of other nations from passing over its territory, or shall put any obstacles in the way of landing; though, of course, each country will have full control of all aerial transport within its own borders, and will actually be able to control pilots passing over its territory.

Pilots passing over other countries will have to fly low, and the pilots will generally have to land to have papers and cargoes checked. If this were not done a new kind of smuggling would develop, and people trying to escape from justice would evade all attempts to track them. For example, the United States, which places a duty on precious stones, would be robbed of its dues by jewel smugglers flying in from Mexico.

FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT BRITISH AIRSHIPS

The great British airships are leaving their sheds and mounting to the skies.

The R 33, of which we gave a photograph last week, has four gondolas and five 250-h.p. engines; it weighs under 30 tons and has 19 balloonettes filled with gas. It displaces 60 tons of air, and can, therefore, lift 30 tons in addition to its own weight. It is expected that it will be able to fly the Atlantic, her cruising range being supposed to be 4800 miles!

It is the most comfortable aerial house that has yet gone up to the clouds, with hitherto unknown comforts for the crew of 23. They will be able to have warm meals, using hot water from the radiators to heat their cooking-pots; and it is said that they will be able to fry eggs and boil potatoes. Each man is allowed his own weight in food. We may imagine the men of this great ship cooking hot meals on their way through the clouds to America.

The R 33 is also the first airship to carry parachutes. She has 28, on board; they are to a ship in the air what a lifeboat is to a ship on the sea.

Improvements on such a fine ship as R 33 will be embodied in the R 80, now being built at Barrow-in-Furness by Messrs. Vickers. It will be able to float on water or lie on land without bumping, and will have a special device enabling it to turn in any direction as it lies moored from a mast. It will be in safety, therefore, in all weathers.

EMPIRE'S STRONG POSITION

The British Empire holds a very strong position in air traffic. Two of the main air routes of the world run largely through it—one from Europe, through India, to Australia; the other through Africa from end to end. Egypt is of supreme importance. It is the Clapham Junction of the air, where the main routes between Europe, Asia, and Africa meet. The Egyptian and Australian route runs principally through regions of calm weather, and passes some of the largest fuel sources—the petroleum wells of Mesopotamia and Malay.

The probability is that only one type of aircraft will be employed on the air-

ways of the Empire. It will be necessary for all stations to stock spare parts, and to engage mechanics, and the saving of stores and staffs by the use of a standard will be enormous.

RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Most of the great nations are constructing airships for the race across the Atlantic; and already one airship has been in the air for 101 hours, making a journey equal to the voyage to America from Europe. The British and American Governments, especially, are contesting for the honour of launching the Columbus of the air; and as soon as the weather over the Atlantic becomes promising, the world will witness the greatest race in history.

The Canadians and Americans start with the advantage of having the wind in their favour. There is a constant current of air blowing from the west or south-west over the Atlantic, so that all machines starting from the American side will travel with the wind at high speed and save a considerable cargo of petrol. Machines starting from Europe must struggle against the wind.

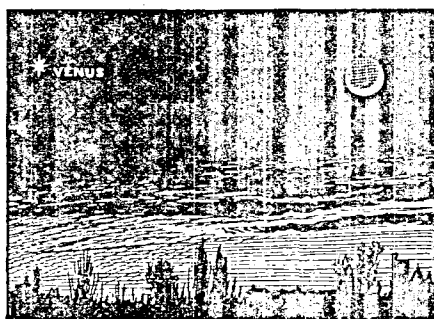
INSIDE A GIANT SEAPLANE

At one of Germany's great seaplane stations the Allied Commission found a giant plane with four engines and wing-spread of 150 feet, with a fuselage so big that a member of the party inside it, looking round at a particular moment, could not catch a glimpse of any one of the 15 men who had entered with him!

SKY POLICE

A police force is being organised for the airways. There will be foot policemen and scouts.

The foot police will examine machines for forbidden articles, such as concealed cameras and arms, and will examine the pilot's papers, warn him off prohibited areas, such as dockyards, and advise him as to aerodromes on his route.



Venus nearest the Moon—on April 2

The scouts will fly, and may be armed with machine-guns for firing tracer bullets in case of necessity. Clearly there must be some means of dealing with possible air pirates, or with negligent airmen. It has been found that an orange or other small object dropped from an aeroplane through the roof of a powder factory may cause an explosion.

FIFTY THOUSAND BATTLES

How many battles were fought in the air during the Great War? When fighting began flying was like a dream just coming true, but it is officially estimated that there must have been not far short of 50,000 desperate battles in the air in which British pilots were engaged. Nearly 8000 enemy machines were brought down by our men on all fronts; 2800 of our machines were lost.

OUR FIRST FLYING BUDGET

We set aside £1,000,000 for flying when the war began; when the armistice came we were spending £200,000,000 a year. Now our first national Flying Budget is for £66,500,000 in a year. We were building at the rate of 1000 aeroplanes a week when the war ended.

KINEMA STORIES

New Films Coming On

THE BEST PICTURES TO LOOK FOR

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

Only the very best pictures will be noted here. The Children's Newspaper urges its readers not to patronise picture houses where vulgar plays are exhibited.

DON QUIXOTE, CRUSADER

The wonderful adventures of that famous Spanish knight-errant, the crazy but chivalrous and lovable Don Quixote, and his fat, faithful servant Sancho Panza, are visualised with remarkable accuracy and skill in the Triangle film adaptation of Cervantes' story.

The poor old don lived in a mighty dream world of his own; but, if his actions were often ludicrous, his motives were always knightly, courageous, and honourable. And in good Sancho Panza he had a loyal friend, who never lost faith in his well-loved master, despite the wild happenings and uncomfortable situations into which Don Quixote's crusade against imaginary evils so often led them both.

THE HARD LIFE OF THE BIRDS

The "Finley Nature Studies" are a deeply interesting series of pictures revealing the wonders of the animal world with a vividness and intimacy only possible by the aid of the moving picture, which makes a permanent record of a scene that has taken, perhaps, days of patient waiting to secure. The last film of this series depicts the hardships song-birds have to face in winter, when there are no insects about, and the ground is hard. Robin redbreast is always fond of an apple, however, and is quick to show his appreciation when such a feast is provided for him. The magpie, the fly-catcher, and the black-necked stilt are among the birds shown.



Jack Pickford

GRIMM NEWS FOR CHRISTMAS

Eight of the best of Grimm's famous fairy tales are now being produced as film plays. They will be shown as a special series next Christmas.

RAT, CAT, AND AEROPLANE

A porter and a professional high diver both admire the daughter of an hotel proprietor. The porter tries to efface his hated rival by putting dynamite under the diving-board, but, unluckily, it is the daughter who first mounts the board. After wild and wonderful happenings, in which a white rat, some beautiful cats, and a knowing dog all take prominent parts, the porter carries off the heroine by aeroplane. "The Diver's Last Kiss" is the title of the sensational comic film in which these strange incidents occur.

NELSON

The life and death of Nelson is the subject of a notable "film biography" just produced. The picture traces Nelson's career from his early days, when he was soundly thrashed for pillow fighting at school, to his last days in the fog and roar of battle aboard the Victory. Some of the scenes having been taken actually on the deck of that historic ship. Vivid glimpses are given of Nelson's chief naval fights, animated plans of which are introduced. Admiral Mark Kerr, one of the greatest living authorities on the life of Nelson, declares he has never witnessed a film which affected him so deeply.

NEWS FROM OTHER WORLDS

MOON FALLING DOWN TOWARDS EARTH

WHAT TO LOOK FOR NEXT WEEK

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

A very interesting sight next week will be the moon coming quite close to Venus, or appearing to be close, for in reality she is almost as far from Venus as is the earth itself. We may hope for a fine evening on April 2, when Venus will be only four and a half degrees to the left of the golden crescent, as shown in the picture on this page.

Perhaps you may not know what a degree is, and it is most important, in taking these rambles into the heavens, that we should have a clear idea of the length it represents in the sky, for it is the astronomer's foot-rule. If we imagine two full moons placed side by side we shall have almost exactly a degree, for the moon is about half a degree wide. Venus, therefore, will appear about nine moons distant from the crescent moon.

Why the Moon Looks Larger and Smaller

Sometimes the moon appears a little larger than at other times, and the reason why is almost exciting. The moon has a way of dropping in the sky, down towards the earth, and she drops a long way, as much as 31,000 miles in a fortnight. Having come so much nearer she, of course, looks larger.

Now, if she continued to fall at the same rate, she would come down to the earth in 14 weeks, and as the moon is 2,160 miles across such a collision would be a colossal catastrophe.

Now, when we look up at the lovely crescent close to Venus, on Thursday or Friday next, we may notice that the moon does look larger than she appears sometimes, and she will, in fact, appear larger than she seemed a fortnight since, for then she was 252,000 miles away; whereas since March 20 she has been falling in a curve towards the earth, and is now almost at her nearest point to us—about 225,000 miles off.

She will not continue this parachute game, but will start soaring upwards until, in a fortnight from now, she will again be as far as the earth will let her go; as astronomers say, "the moon will be in apogee."

Croydon to Brighton in a Minute

So, at present, the moon is at her nearest point to us, or, as the astronomers say, she is "in-perigee." How far off that is we may realise if we imagine how long it would take us to reach her. Well, if we could use the most rapid and appropriate means of transit, by aeroplane, travelling at 100 miles an hour, we should reach the moon in 94 days, whereas it would take nearly 150 years to reach the lovely planet Venus.

It will be unfortunate if it is cloudy on Wednesday, but if it should be so we may look again on Thursday. The moon will then have moved to the east, and to the left past Venus, being now about ten degrees, or twenty moons, away. She moves very quickly—nearly 40 miles a minute—and is 55,000 miles from where she was the night before. From Croydon to Brighton in one minute is the speed the moon would carry us.

As we gaze at her night after night during the week, we may see, if the air is very clear, not only the bright crescent lit up directly by the sun, but also what used to be called "the old moon in the new moon's arms," for between the points of the crescent can be seen the rest of the moon just faintly visible. This is shown in the picture, and is that portion of the moon's surface where it is night, lit up by the sunlight reflected from the earth—earth-shine, as it is called, just as the moon's light is moonshine.

G. F. M.

March 29, 1919

The Children's Newspaper

5

C. B. FRY'S LETTERS
TO MATES

All the world knows Commander Fry, and every boy loves him. We of this paper are his mates, and he will tell us how to play the game.

2. Every One Matters

The first point I want you to get into your heads is how tremendously important you are, every one of you.

I do not mean important for what you are at the moment as you stand in your shoes; I mean important for what you can make yourselves—for what you can become—with a bit of effort and the joy of work.

It is a very simple truism, a truth so obvious that all can see it, that the world is made up of nations, and nations are made up of individuals. No nations, no human race; no individuals, no nations. Quite simple. So the world depends on the individual. It absolutely does.

The standard, the greatness of the human race, sits in the individual; in what he makes himself. Lots of people, great men some of them, have tried other ways to improve mankind and raise humanity nearer to the Divine, but there is only one way. We must lift the individual, and in the end that means that he must lift himself. Neglect of this truth does immeasurable harm, because it is the absence of a conscious responsibility for his own progress in the individual that stops the progress of the world. It does, I tell you. Freeze on to that: it is the frozen truth.

Your Great Chance

Each one of you is vitally important. On what you are yourselves depends the quality of the world. Often at an election only about half the voters vote. Why? Because so many people think "I don't matter; I'm only one." Yet, on that basis, the very candidate the people most wanted as their member might get no votes at all; not one.

Individual responsibility, and act up to it—that is the great secret. *Acting up to it, mind.*

It is *your* money the good world wants—yours; not your gross material pennies, but the fairy gold of your heart and mind. You cannot coin pennies; you would be run in by the policeman if you did; but the golden sovereigns of the soul—ah! that mint is wholly yours.

I am not evolving hot air. I am giving you cold, hard facts. Learn the lesson of this truth now; do not put it off. Now is the time. You will never have so good a chance. What I am presenting to you is the right end of the stick.

And now, for the time being, just chew this *and* digest it. Write it out, big hand; stick it up on your bedroom wall, so that you see it when you wake and just before you douse your light at turn-in:

Nobody can grow for another;
No; not one.
Nobody can learn for another;
No; not one.

THE FAITHFUL DOGS

A poor man has been found dead in a little shop in London—a Russian, aged 72. He was sitting in a chair in the kitchen, and had been alone there for three days, dead. Sitting beside him was a little black-and-tan dog whining piteously, half starved in the presence of its master's food, which it would not touch.

A companion story, by an odd coincidence, comes from Dartford. There, too, a man lay alone for three days, dead. He was a discharged soldier, and died in a hut at a gun station. His only companion was an Irish terrier, imprisoned with the dead man, and when the hut was broken into the dog refused to allow anyone to approach, and had, unhappily, to be shot.

THE MINER—THE MAN OF THE MOMENT

The Children of the Cheerless Home
and the Men of the Sunless Mine



Down into the depths of the earth—Ready to descend the shaft in a great iron bucket



The miners' children and the sort of homes they live in, with little more sun for their play than the miner has for his work



Propping up the roof of the pit



The miner's Good-Night to his little girl

TRUTH OF A QUEER
STORYTHE STRANGE TREE OF
BENGAL

How It Seemed to Hear the
Call of Prayer

FAMOUS INDIAN'S DISCOVERY

Near Faridpur, in Bengal, there was, till lately, a famous date-palm, which behaved in a way that has been called miraculous. It was a full-grown tree with a trunk about 17 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. Some storm had displaced it, and it leaned at an angle of about sixty degrees.

But the remarkable thing about the tree was its everyday movement, which many pilgrims came to see. Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, the distinguished Indian physiologist and botanist, says of it: "In the evening, while the temple bells ring, calling upon people to prayer, this tree bows down as if to prostrate itself. It erects its head again in the morning, and this process is repeated every day of the year." Now the tree has died.

Like a Living Giant

The whole length of the trunk was raised in the morning and depressed in the afternoon, and the highest point of the trunk moved up and down through a little over a yard. The large leaves at the top, which pointed high up against the sky in the morning, were moved in the afternoon through a vertical distance of about 16 feet. This was a very remarkable daily movement, and we cannot wonder that "to the popular imagination the tree appeared like a living giant, more than twice the height of a human being."

Sir J. C. Bose was allowed to fix a recording instrument to the tree so that there might be no mistake, and he was able to work out a scientific explanation of the "praying" tree. The recording instrument attached to the trunk showed that the tree was never at rest, but in a state of continuous movement, reversed at regular intervals. "The tree attained its maximum erection at seven in the morning, after which there was a rapid fall. The down movement reached its maximum at 3.15 p.m., after which it was reversed, and the tree erected itself to its greatest height at seven next morning."

Why the Tree Rose and Fell

The next step was to show that the same sort of movement occurred in other date-palms, though not so markedly as in this sloping one. Then followed a demonstration that the rising and bowing of the "praying" tree corresponded almost precisely with the falling and rising of the temperature. The fall of temperature always induced a rise in the tree, and vice versa, but the tree lagged behind a little in both cases.

The next step was to show that various kinds of creeping stem, branches, and leaves exhibit a similar movement, falling as the temperature rises and rising as the temperature falls. We can see this ourselves any day in the flowers of the crocus, for they open—moving downwards—during rise of temperature, and close—moving upwards—with the fall.

But if you ask *why* the rise or fall of the temperature should affect the stem of the palm, you get into deep water. A living stem is in a condition of delicate balance in relation to the earth, which always influences it, and the fluctuations of temperature sway the balance up and down.

POOR BABY IN BERLIN

Life in Berlin is terrible. In the last year of peace there were 42,000 births and 28,000 deaths; in 1917 there were 19,000 births and 34,000 deaths. That is to say, in peace there were 14,000 more births than deaths; now there are 15,000 more deaths than births.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 29 1919

What Do You See in the Fire?

Sit and look in the fire; there are pictures there. There are armies marching, and children dancing, and lions drinking at the pool. There are palm-trees swaying, and poppies blowing, and squirrels hiding nuts.

A fire is a cheerful thing. Put a miserable pessimist in a chair before the fire, and who knows that he may not get up a reasonable man? There is something in a fire that is very near the heart of life.

How we gather round it in the winter nights! How we sit in the dark and watch it flickering, looking deep into the red coals burning, with their changing colours, their living, dancing flames, the hissing and sizzling of the log, the sudden singing of a stream of gas that bursts the prison house in which it has been pent-up ten million years!

Is there anything else that draws us nearer than the fire? It belongs to our very life, and it is the heart of our English home.

Do you remember how Robert Louis Stevenson loved the fire-light on his books, and how he saw great armies in the fire?

We see another army in the fire today. It is the army of miners who go down into the earth to get coal. They go down into the darkness to give us light, and they rarely see the sun; and in the mines where they spend their lives as many men have been wounded and injured in 25 years as the entire number of men who made up our British armies in the war. A thousand men are killed every year in our mines, and a thousand men are injured every day.

And then we see another picture in the fire: it is the dark home to which the miner goes from his dark mine. The sun does not follow the miner home; he goes to a little court or alley where the sun cannot go with him. Often he goes to his one-roomed home, where he lives with his wife and five children. A clergyman and a doctor live in good homes, and their little ones are healthy; and for every doctor's child who dies four miners' children die. One of our dukes has a palace—it stands in a park of 2500 acres; and he has 400 acres of land on which 38,000 mining people live six in a room.

What do you see in the fire? Not picture fancies from a poet's mind, but photographs in the fire, terrible and true.

We sit by the fire and look; we sit and nod and dream. But the miners are calling, and England must awake. We cannot bear these pictures in the fire.

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A Puzzling World

THE world is a curious place, and life is a puzzling thing. Five years ago—even one year ago—the world was in danger because Germany was strong. Now the world is in danger because Germany is weak. The only safe thing is happiness, and the only way to it is through justice.

The First C. N.

SOMEbody who knows has been working out some figures. It seems that if you took all the lines of type in all the copies of the first number of the Children's Newspaper they would reach from London round the world, and back to Australia once more; and if you took the paper on which it was printed and laid it out flat, a million children could stand on it. God bless them!

The Great Young Men

SOME men will never get old; after all, a man is as young as his heart, and years are nothing much. Young Mr. Edison of 72 was accused the other day of growing old, but he denied it, and proved his case. He did what every



Will the geni of the Channel be startled from his sleep when the tunnel runs under his bed?

boy has tried to do, and what many boys cannot; he put out his arm and brought it down slowly to his foot on the ground. Let us hope we may stand like that and touch toes at 72. And then there is Clemenceau. The great Frenchman has recovered from the assassin's wound. He was a brave patient. Turning to a very portly senator, he said, with a laugh: "If I had been as stout as you I should have been done for." And the senator replied: "Stoutness will come with old age." Clemenceau is 77!

Butchers and Butchers

THE Children's Newspaper salutes its big contemporary, the Observer, although it comes out instead of going to church on Sunday. It is a noble advocate of the League of Nations, and what we like especially are twelve words it has just spoken for the Conference in Paris to hear. It warns the statesmen against not doing their duty, and says:

The butchers of this generation
would be the butchers of the next.

That is the whole point. Our fathers and uncles must not get rid of the war merely to adjourn it for the children growing up.

The Steps of Knowledge

MAN is startled at times by a sudden bit of prehistoric news. One has just appeared in our contemporary, the Times. Hundreds of thousands of years ago a man died somewhere in Suffolk, and today a nian is advertising for his jaw-bone. It seems that a jaw-bone was found in Ipswich 60 years ago and thrown as rubbish into a cart. Nobody would guess the interest of it then; but today we know that such a discovery means that men were living in Suffolk at the time of the little three-toed horse, the hippopotamus, and the giant sloth. We hope the jaw-bone will be found. Perhaps the man to whom it once belonged may have said, "Whoa, my beauty!" or something like that, to the jolly little eohippus with three toes, the ancestor of the horse, of which a clever poet wrote:

Said the little Eohippus,
"I am going to be a horse,
And on my middle finger-nail
To run my earthly course.
I'm going to have a flowing tail,
I'm going to have a mane,
I'm going to stand 14 hands high
On the psychozoic plain."

The Dinoceras and the Coryphodont and the Loxolophodon were horrified at his impudence.

They chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.

And in a million years or so he was a horse with a flowing tail and a blowing mane, and standing 14 hands.

Out of Doors

WE like to read the talk of Mr. Fisher, the Minister for Education. It must be splendid for the House of Commons to listen to a man who talks of what he really knows. Mr. Fisher loves a wood where you can pick blue-bells and climb trees, and play hide-and-seek and watch birds and startle rabbits, and he wants to see school journeys to these great hearts of Nature. It is a great idea. Our schooling should take us much more out of doors. It should make us really love our country and feel the glory of it. The Children's Newspaper hopes to see the day when we shall go to school as much out-of-doors as in, and not mind much if it rains.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. It has never failed. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, March 30.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	SUNDAY	TUESDAY	FRIDAY
Sunrise	6.44 a.m.	6.40 a.m.	6.33 a.m.
Sunset	7.26 p.m.	7.30 p.m.	7.35 p.m.
Moonrise	5.40 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	8.21 a.m.
Moonset	6.2 p.m.	8.51 p.m.	12.47 p.m.
High Tide	1.56 p.m.	3.17 p.m.	5.20 p.m.

Next
Week's
Moon



Sunday Tuesday Friday

Other Worlds. In early evening Venus is in the West, Jupiter to the West of South, and Saturn is very high up to the South-East.

£1000

FOR BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS

All over the country are bright boys and girls who want a better chance, a little help with their education. Perhaps they win a scholarship, but are not quite able to take full advantage of it for want of a little help, perhaps there is no scholarship available for them. Often they would like a year at a secondary school, but cannot pay the fees.

There must be thousands of boys and girls with bright brains who are just too poor to finish their education as they wish. We need these boys and girls, and we need their brains. It is a cruel injustice that a rich country should not offer them the opportunities they deserve. We must insist more and more on the freedom of every boy and girl to be passed from the school to the university at the cost of the State which will reap the harvest of their learning.

In the meantime, the Children's Newspaper hopes to be able to devise a scheme by which it can place at the disposal of teachers in the United Kingdom the sum of £1000 to be used in grants on behalf of such bright boys and girls. The Editor will be glad of any suggestions from teachers and education authorities, and he hopes to give full particulars in due course.

TIP-CAT

Yes, of course a cat may look at a king, but it will have to make haste.

The Kaiser is growing a beard; he has had enough close shaves.

A thousand teachers have gone on strike at Rhondda. No news of the pupils has yet come through, but it is believed they are panic-stricken.

It is announced from Poland that 150 peasants have been chosen for the Warsaw Diet. Presumably this is because the open-air life has given them such good digestions.

At the centre of things: The Middle Class Union.

The Ministry of Labour is applying the Trade Boards Act to the boot-making industry. Does this mean that wooden shoes are going to be worn?

Spell-bound: An infant on his way to school.

The windlass: A lady aeronaut.

To be given to children who go angling without permission: A fishing smack.

A figure of speech: A Member of Parliament.

People are discussing the future of boxing. Our own forecast is that it will be striking.

What most of us would shed without weeping: The profiteer.

A Child's Prayer for Us All

Put away from us, O Lord, the spirit of unworthiness, the thirst for vengeance for the sins of others.

Help us that we may keep the vow that we have made. Teach us to love truth and to hate falsehood; teach us so to live that we may keep our honour bright.

Uplift our hearts and minds, that we may love good and pursue it; abide with us in the dawn and in the evening of our lives.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

How much more new geography the Peace Conference is going to make

CARIBOU OF CANADA

CAN THEY BE HUNTED BY AEROPLANE?

Countless Herds that Sweep the Barren Lands

"THE VERY HILLS ALIVE"

It seems strange that we should turn to barren lands in search of food, but that is what is proposed. A vast territory in Northern Canada is known as the Barren Lands, and barren they are from the point of view of the cultivator—glacial drift and moraine, with innumerable uncharted lakes, bare of timber, generally flat, and bearing nothing better than grasses and lichens.

But in these conditions, impossible to men, there thrive enormous herds of caribou; and bears, wolves, foxes, and domestic dogs run wild and prey upon them.

A Fifty-Million Army

Caribou is an American name for "square oxen"; and the animals resemble the European reindeer which are at this moment carrying supplies to our troops at Archangel and Murmansk. They are countless in number. A Canadian authority makes a guess at fifty millions.

The size of the herds exceeds that of any other large wild animals now surviving. An American Government steamer recently cut through one of their migrating columns, and was three hours in getting clear of the animals as they swam the Yukon River. At one time 5000 caribou could be seen from the deck of the vessel; but the innumerable advance guard was away and over the slopes to one side of the river while the remainder packed the stream for miles—the islands in it, its banks, and all the hills leading to the waterway.

The very hills themselves seemed alive and moving. A man walked for 21 miles among the hurrying herds, which were marching south for their winter quarters, to where timber grows.

Great Animal Processions

There is nothing new in this picture of caribou multitudes: many travellers have seen it, and have compared the processions of animals to the moving of enormous leafless forests, as the antlered millions made their way along.

Caribou cannot be hunted by ordinary means, except when the snow is melting and the earth is covered with cat-ice, through which the caribou sink. Then a man on snow-shoes may succeed. But on snow, or on hard ground, no horse can keep up with the fast-trotting deer.

So aeroplane chases are suggested. The men are to herd the deer toward defined areas, and enclose them between miles of fences and the sea. Then marksmen will pick off superfluous males, and let the females escape. It is estimated that five million males might be advantageously disposed of in this way, while at the same time dogs and wolves and foxes would be machine-gunned by the airmen.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT FAIL

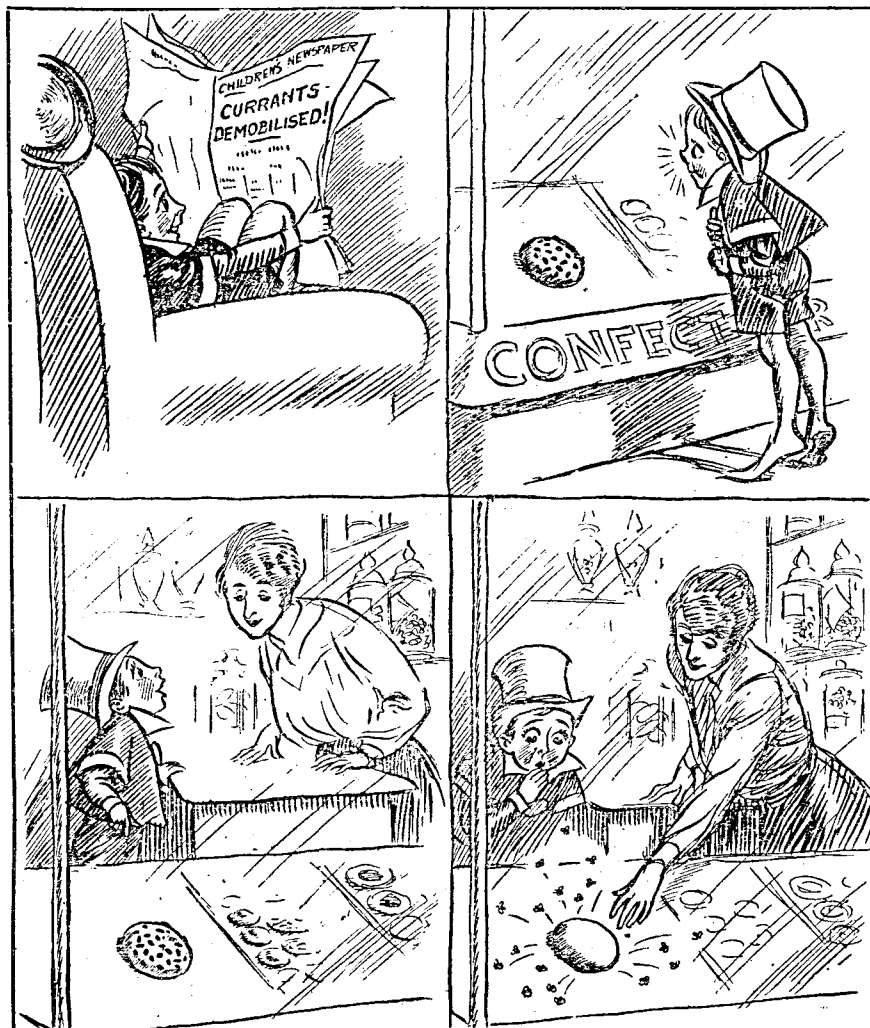
We have the eternal promise that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, and Nature keeps her word.

Here we are, with spring stirring all the northern hemisphere to growth, and next year's bread is green in the fields before our eyes. What are the farmers making of that green promise of plenty? To fertilise their fields they take lime from the earth, basic slag from the fiery throat of the furnace, soot from the chimneys, litter from the stable and the farmyard, nitrates from Chili, whose origin no man knows. But they call also upon the aid of the newest servant

They find that electrified corn yields from 8 to 12 bushels an acre more than ordinary seed. Each grain of electrified wheat throws up more culms and gives from one to four pounds more per bushel than the other; it produces straw as much as eight inches longer than the other, and 25 per cent. thicker.

The effect is to give a bigger rick, but there is another cause for congratulation, for while the corn from untreated seed collapsed, whole fields at a time, before a thunderstorm, the yield from the electrified wheat stood up boldly under exactly the same conditions. Electrified wheat gives us more corn, better corn,

DEMOBILISATION OF THE CURRANTS



It was a great day for Peter Puck when he read that currants were being demobilised. He hastened to the pastry shop, and saw the old familiar bun. He burst into the shop and asked for it, and lo, as they reached it from the window, the currants flew away!

of mankind, electricity, and make not merely two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but many ears of corn spring up where only a few came up.

The electrification of seed corn, which has been tried for the last few years, is as mysterious in its working as electricity itself. The results have now been investigated in fields comprising 2000 acres, and they are amazing. Practical farmers have tried electrified seed and unelectrified seed.

higher quality for milling, and less offal. Those are the results, and no one can explain them. It is impossible to say in what way the electricity acts, whether it stimulates the energy in the ungerminated corn, or destroys harmful organisms in the soil, or promotes the development of beneficial bacteria. We do not know, but so long as seed-time and harvest do not fail, man has at his service this most marvellous agency for multiplying his food supplies.

News From Everywhere

Gathered by



Twelve Kent towns give their names to warships.

We can now send a wireless message to Spain for 2s. 1d.

Women are to be allowed to sit in the Parliament of Ontario.

About 100 mines are being swept up round about our coasts every day.

An aeroplane has fallen on a moving train in France, one airman being killed.

American soldiers in the Army of Occupation are not allowed to marry there.

A cotton factory is working again in Lille, the first to be reconstructed in that region.

There are 8,000,000 gas consumers in the United Kingdom, and half of them have slot meters.

About 100 missing war prisoners were found in Germany as the result of a search by motor car.

Shanghai, a city of China with a million people, is only now installing a proper sewage system.

In the beautiful village of Pinner, in Middlesex, over 70,000 hospital articles were made during the war.

Mr. Ford, the motor king of America, hopes to make a motor car that will sell for £50. We shall all ride soon.

Scientific management in America enables bricklayers to lay 2700 bricks in the time they used to take for 1000.

The Quebec Government is proposing that no child under sixteen shall work in a factory unless he has been six years at school.

In the parish in which the Battle of Edgehill was fought one elector in every four is named English. Four others are named French.

A statue of the old German Emperor William at Metz is to be melted down and remade into a statue of a poilu, the private soldier of France.

The coal gas consumed in Great Britain during 1918 was over 26,000 million cubic feet, and about 200 million tons of coal were used.

For the first time in the memory of this generation the St. Lawrence River through the Thousand Islands has been open to navigation all the winter. Last month in Ontario was the warmest February for fifty years.

The Government at Washington has replied to those British brewers who asked for compensation because America is stopping drink. The answer is that no provision has been made in America for any loss of that kind.

THE FLAG IN SOUTH AFRICA

The strong loyalty of South Africa has been shown in a great debate in the Cape Parliament. The question was whether the British Union should be maintained. The talk went on for 12 days, and 75 members spoke; and it was decided to remain in the Union by 78 votes to 24. It is hoped that the minority striving for independence will now settle down.

THE LAST MAN TO SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN PASSES OUT OF THE WORLD

An aged hero of the sea and ice has crossed the bar and sailed out upon the everlasting tide. Alexander Simpson, worthiest of ocean captains, has gone to his rest at 84, to meet in heaven, let us hope, the man he sought in vain on earth.

With the death of Captain Simpson we close the book of Franklin; the last survivor of hundreds of gallant mariners who searched for his whitened bones follows him to the grave after more than sixty years. The one remaining link with the splendid tragic Franklin Expedition is snapped. We write "Finis" to that volume of high heroic adventure.

It was in 1845 that Sir John Franklin, with his ships, Erebus and Terror, and 134 chosen officers and men, set out

towards the North Pole to force a North-West passage. He had fought victoriously under Nelson at Trafalgar, but he had now to fight a sterner foe than Napoleon's admirals, the remorseless and pitiless Arctic.

He succeeded. In face of conditions which seemed past all human endurance he triumphed, and, like Nelson, expired on the scene of his victory. He did not get through, but he crossed a point reached by ships of previous expeditions which had sought to break through from the opposite direction—the west. And then he died, amid frigid horrors incomparably worse than anything we can imagine. That was in June, 1847, two years after his departure, and by that

time 34 men had perished amid the ice. Years passed, and no news came to England of that devoted expedition. The survivors were still alive, in hideous plight, when the first relief expedition set out from England in 1848, but the ship could not find the doomed men, nor could the next ship, nor any of the fifteen ships which, between 1848 and 1854, set sail from England or America in quest of the lost voyagers.

Captain Simpson was a man of 22 when, in 1857, he sailed with McClintock for the fatal territory. He helped to find, not the men, but the bodies and skeletons of many of them, their records, their boats, the awful evidences of the fact that the maddened men, in their last

agonising extremity, had been driven to cannibalism. Some of the bodies Simpson helped to bring home, but not Franklin's; that has never been discovered, and there is no fragment of his noble dust in Westminster Abbey.

Not here! the White North has thy bones; and thou,

Heroic sailor soul,

Art passing on thine happier voyage now

Toward no earthly pole.

Upon that journey the devoted searcher has now followed the lost master-voyager, bound for a goal at which all men will be made known unto each other. The long Franklin tragedy is played out; the last actor in its epilogue has gone to his long rest.

THE CHILDREN'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Is the Peace Conference in Paris
Forgetting the Greatest Thing of All?

THE ONLY FOUNDATIONS FOR A SAFE AND HAPPY WORLD

Mr. Wilson is back again—one feels like writing "home again," so much a part of Europe has he now become. There is no doubt that he stands above all other men alive. He is not only the wise man of the Conference in Paris; he is the wise man of Europe and America and the world.

And so we hope that, under his guidance, the League of Nations, as it is shaping itself and laying down the lines on which it is to grow, will not forget the children. It should prepare at once to pave the way for bringing all the children in the world into one mighty league. Our fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts have saved themselves from another war; but will they really put it off for the boys of today to fight and the girls to suffer in tea or twenty years?

How the Children Transformed Japan and Germany

There is one way to stop all that, and it is by building up now in the minds of the children of the world a great understanding of what peace means. When Germany made up her mind to go to war she began with the children; and in one generation she brought a civilised country down to the level of a barbarous race. When Japan made up her mind to be a Great Power, she began with the children; and in one generation she brought a barbarous country up to the level of a civilised State. We can change the world if we begin as children. Our hearts and minds are like a garden: if we sow the right seed it will bear the right fruit.

So that what is wanted is that the Conference in Paris should open its eyes and see that if it forgets the children it is forgetting everything. It should be understood and laid down clearly that the boys and girls of every country in the League shall be brought up loving peace and hating war. What is it the Conference could do?

What the Conference Could Do

1. It could see that peace is woven through and through the education systems of all countries. There should be a weekly lesson on the value of peace in every school in the world, and the children should be taught to understand that war is the ruin of all.

2. It could see that true books about the war are sent broadcast throughout the world. It could print millions of books in every language explaining the cause of war and the blessings of peace. It could make it a crime to publish books that are meant to spread hate among the peoples, and it could put in all school books that which will interest children in all countries and make them feel that all mankind is their neighbour.

3. It could stop the world talking for ever about the glory of war. War is not glorious—it is a filthy thing; and all the school books and all the school pictures that praise it should be burned. Children should not be taught that a nation's greatest heroes are its soldiers: it is not true. Men who lay down their lives for their country are heroes whether they do it in peace or in war. The brave

Vicar of Eyam, who gave his life for his neighbours in the Plague, was as great a hero as the Duke of Marlborough, who won the Battle of Blenheim.

4. It could set on foot great schemes of travel. Wars are made by ignorance, and never by knowledge. Men do not go to war against countries that they love; and children should be taught to know all countries, and to love them. Our countries are our homelands; and every country on earth is the homeland of children who have done no wrong, and have the right to live in peace and happiness.

5. It could see that boys and girls are taught to think of the world as one great family, understanding the links that bind one country to another, growing up to know that trouble in India means trouble in Lancashire, that famine in Russia means suffering in France.

6. It could set up as part of its Covenant a Commission of all Nations that will see that everywhere in the schools and books and pictures and papers of all countries the seeds of peace instead of war are sown in the minds of children.

The Danger Before the League

There are enemies of the League of Nations in every land, and they are the enemies of the future of the world. Some of them hate it because it will stop the wars that have made such heaps of money for them; some hate it because it will crush the spirit of revenge that fills their hearts; some hate it because they really think that wars every now and then serve useful purposes; some hate it because it will interfere with private ambitions and financial schemes and party politics; and some hate it because they think it will not stop war, but will leave honest nations unprepared at the mercy of nations that may break their word.

All these people will try to capture the children. They will try to build up the minds of the next generation to believe as they believe. The business of the League of Nations is to plant its faith so firmly everywhere that it cannot be overthrown. It is setting up a machine; and it is the children who will have to make the wheels go round. Let the Conference teach peace to the children, let them fill their hearts with a longing for it, and their minds with understanding; and the boys and girls of to-day will love Mr. Wilson and his dreams, and will see that all is well.

The Children's Newspaper calls upon the Conference to be wise and keep near the heart of things. Its last words, like its first, are these: that if the children do not support the League they labour in vain who build it.

HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY

Point the hour hand of your watch exactly to the sun at noon, and the figure 12 is due south, 6 is north, 3 is west, and 9 is east. Every noon the sun is due south.

Before noon turn the hour hand to the sun, follow your watch face round to 12, the way the hand will go, and south is exactly half way to 12, outward from your watch.

After Noon do exactly the same, but halve the distance back to noon instead of forward.

Note. By an unfortunate error last week 3 was given as east and 9 as west.

THE RED LAMP ON THE LINE

How a Signaller Saved a Train

At Midford Station, on the Somerset and Dorset Railway, the line runs through a tunnel and up a steep slope. Here a signaller was waiting for his daughter to return from Bath late one night.

As he waited a long string of loaded trucks passed by, a coupling broke, and the loosened trucks started to run down the single line towards the tunnel through which the passenger train was due. Mr. Payne, the signaller, saw in a flash what would happen. Just outside the tunnel the railway line ran along a steep embankment. If the train ran into the runaway trucks it would crash down the hillside.

The signaller took some of the detonators used in foggy weather, ran with them to the tunnel, and placed them on the line. Then he stood on the track with a red lamp, waving it in the hope of catching the engine-driver's eye.

In the runaway trucks a railway guard remained, and by using his brake he managed to bring the part of the broken goods train to a standstill near the tunnel. Then came the moments of awful suspense.

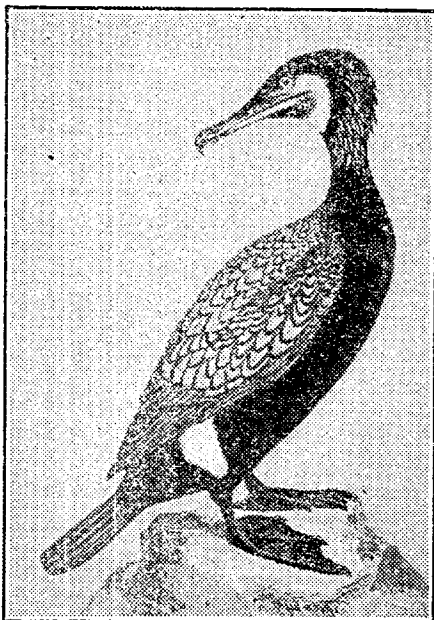
Thundering through the tunnel, with its freight of happy marketing people, steamed the Bath Express. A detonator exploded, and another, and another. The engine driver peered out to see what was the matter, caught sight of the red lamp of the frantic signaller, and pulled up within a few yards of the runaway wagons. The signaller had saved the train, his daughter, and hundreds of country people.

A FISH CATCHES A BIRD

And a Man Catches the Fish

An Orkney fisherman, having landed a newly caught halibut at Stromness, found inside the fish a large cormorant. The bird was in good condition, well fed, and had been but recently swallowed.

It is an interesting peep into the continuous struggle for existence, for the cormorant is a fisher, too. The cor-



The cormorant, the sort of bird caught by the fish in this story

morant preys upon small fish, but up pops a bigger fish and makes a meal of the cormorant. We are not to imagine that these birds form the regular diet of the halibut, which feeds mainly on smaller fishes and crustaceans, but a halibut should always be equal to a cormorant lunch, for this fish attains a length of over seven feet and often weighs three hundredweight.

UP THEY CLIMB

Ebert, the German President, was a saddler. The Czecho-Slovak President, Dr. Kramarz, began as a blacksmith.

NEW LEAVES TURNED OVER

Books of the Week and What They are About

HOW A WORD COMES

Stories That Words Tell Us. By Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. Jack. 5s.

A glorious book for teachers and scholars Every school and library will want this. Perhaps you did not know that Shakespeare was the first man to use the word "hurry," and that he made the word "dwindle." Spenser made the word "elfin," and Milton made "pandemonium." But in all the strange histories of a word, can anything beat the word "discus," by which the Romans meant a round plate like a coin. In England the word has become dish; in France it becomes deis, from which we have made our word dais, meaning a raised platform; in Italy it becomes desco, from which we get desk; and scientists have made out of it the word disc. Four descendants of a far-off ancestor, all with flat faces after all these ages—what a wonderful thing a word is!

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

The Springtide of Life. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

An earthly book with a glow of heaven in it

All the world loves Mr. Swinburne's Poems of Childhood, and Mr. Rackham's pictures are worthy of the artist and the poet too. We should like to fill this paper with these poems—such lines, for instance, as those on a child laughing:

If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

Or this cradle song of a child asleep:

Four white eyelids keep
Fast the seal of sleep,
Deep as love is deep.
Yet, though closed it lies,
Love behind them spies
Heaven in two blue eyes.

A PICTURE IN A CELLAR

High Adventure. By James Norman Hall. Constable. 6s. net.

One of the best books of the Flying World

Captain Hall, an American airman, has put into this admirable book what seems to be the very atmosphere in which a flying man lives. It tells chiefly of flying during war, but it helps us to understand a man's feelings in the clouds. There is an admirable picture of an airman's walk through Paris one night. He went through street after street, and saw only one faint glimmer of light through a slit in a cellar window. He peeped in, and saw a woman sitting on a cot-bed with her arms round two little children snuggled up against her fast asleep, while she sat erect, strained and listening, staring straight before her. The flying man had bombed towns himself; but he believed after that that if wars can only be won by dropping bombs on women and children, then wars had better be lost.

THE WASTE OF THE WORLD

Wealth from Waste. By Professor H. G. Spooner. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

A book of knowledge for wise and foolish

The world has wasted millions of men and thousands of millions of money, and if prosperity is to return to the earth we must save what we can. Professor Spooner shows us hundreds of ways in which we waste money and material and life itself. We allow rats to cost us about £20,000,000 a year—more than enough to pay our Old Age Pensions. We allow swindlers to rob the poor of millions a year by adulterating food. It is amazing to read that 70,000,000 telegraph forms are wasted every year; one wonders what can happen to them. There is a great chance for a Government that really means to save the wealth we throw away.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

NATURE WEEK BY WEEK

The Cuckoo and the Chiff-Chaff

From now for six weeks onwards the Nature-lover will have a glorious time, for not a day passes without something new is to be seen and heard—birds' nests in unexpected places, flowers blossoming before they are due, venturesome insects pioneering for the benefit of their friends or enemies, butterflies mistaking a sunny day for summer-time.

The most fascinating of all anticipations is watching and listening for the first cuckoo. Every year there are people who report that they have heard it in March, and some that they have seen it.

The First Cuckoo

But do we ever find anyone who has both seen and heard it at the same time? That is really the acid test, as politicians would say, of the cuckoo's coming. Many an early cuckoo, traced to its source, has proved to be only a sly schoolboy hiding behind a hedge, and, so far as sight is concerned, the male sparrowhawk—seen at a distance—is sufficiently like the cuckoo to deceive the very elect. From this week onward, however, we may look for a real cuckoo just arrived from overseas.

Another voice to listen for is the "chiff-chiff" of the chiff-chaff. It is usually our earliest spring visitor, and sings from the top of some tall tree; but if you alarm it, it shrieks "tewy" and flies away. In marshy districts you will hear the piping of the snipe.

Nests and Eggs

Among the nests in which you may now find eggs are those of the blackbird and moorhen. The blackbirds', four to six in number, are greenish-blue, spotted with reddish-brown, and in size and appearance are something like the eggs of the missel-thrush. The nest is generally built low down in thick bushes, among ivy or in piles of faggots. The moorhen places her nest amid the rushes and reeds by the water's edge, and lays from seven to ten bluish-white eggs, speckled with reddish-brown.

The house-sparrow will certainly be found building her nest this week, both in town and country. She selects a site under the eaves or gutter, in the thatch of a barn, up a tree near the house, or in a pigeon-cote. Almost any materials serve her purpose—straw, hay, string, wool, rag, moss.

A Snail Out for a Stroll

Snails have been hibernating, but if you carefully examine the hedge you may any day now find a common wood-snail out for a stroll. It has the prettiest shell of all our British land molluscs, ranging from brown to pink in shade, and encircled by brown bands of varying widths. You may admire it when you see it, but woe betide the poor snail if a thrush or blackbird spies it. There will be a sharp tapping on a stone, and soon the bird will fly away, leaving nothing behind but a few broken fragments of the once beautiful shell.

Not many moths will be seen just now, but it is interesting to watch for the tiny twenty-plume moth sometimes found on walls and fences near the honeysuckle in early April. It cannot be mistaken, for its reddish-brown wings are cut into regular fringes all round the edges. On a sunny day we may see more than one peacock butterfly flitting in the garden—a joyous sight.

A number of trees are beginning to leaf, among them the hazel, horse-chestnut, larch, crab-apple, black thorn, cherry, plum, elm, and Lombardy poplar. This poplar is certainly one of our most picturesque trees; and a group of them, with their tall spires towering up toward the sky, makes an excellent landmark for miles round. The common laurel and the ash are breaking into blossom, and in the garden

HAROLD BEGBIE'S SONG FOR CHILDREN

If I Want To Be Happy

Words by Harold Begbie
Music by Rose Reed

the currant bushes are flowering. The raspberry canes, however, are only now beginning to put on their leafy garments.

You can add to your wild nosegay this week by searching for the hairy violet on chalky soil, the white meadow saxifrage on gravelly banks, the fumitory on the borders of fields, and the ground ivy, or ale-hoof, a favourite spring flower that is often mistaken for



Many an "early cuckoo" is a boy behind a hedge

the violet. Above all, look out for early wallflowers, on some sheltered old wall. Is anything more fragrant than this most delightful of our spring flowers?

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue planting potatoes and sowing the seeds for your successive crops of radishes, lettuce, and peas. Cabbage for autumn and winter should be planted now, and sweet peas should be sown.

It is time to weed and roll the paths and lawns. The fruit trees should be pruned without delay if not already done.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

UNE PETITE HISTOIRE

Le fameux chancelier, nommé Francis Bacon, était un homme qui menait une vie modeste, et plusieurs années avant qu'il fut célèbre, il s'était battu une humble petite chaumière à la campagne, et ce fut ici que Bacon aimait se retirer pour se reposer.

Un beau jour que la reine Elisabeth se trouvait dans les environs, elle exprima le désir de visiter le château de Lord Bacon; imaginez donc la surprise de la reine en voyant, au lieu d'un magnifique château, une toute petite chaumière!

"Votre maison," dit la reine, "est bien petite!"

"Madame," reprit Lord Bacon, "elle est assez grande pour moi, mais c'est votre Majesté qui est trop grande pour elle."

Five-Minute Story

THE PROTECTOR

One morning, many years ago, the British Ambassador in Paris looked out of his window at the Embassy, and saw a little boy standing in the courtyard.

It was in the days that followed the Franco-German War, and Paris was suffering the agonies of revolution.

It was strange to see a child alone in such a place in times like these. The Ambassador called a servant, and asked who he was.

"We do not know," replied the man. "He will not go till he has seen you."

"What! A baby like that?" cried the Ambassador. "Send him to me."

They brought him in—a tiny figure about eight years old, with big, solemn eyes in a pale, anxious little face.

"I am in trouble," he said simply, "and I thought you would help me. The shells are falling on our house, and frightening my mother. I want to take her to a safer part of the town."

The Ambassador could scarcely believe his ears. For the child spoke and moved with the dignity of a man.

"Then you are wise to leave. What hinders you?"

"We cannot go without paying our rent," answered the child; "and we have no money."

The Ambassador hesitated.

"If you would lend me 500 francs," the little fellow went on, "I would bring it back as soon as our letters come—we have had none for weeks."

The Ambassador looked grave. Twenty pounds was a lot of money to give to someone he had never even seen before.

He looked into the big, solemn eyes that had never once left his face since the child had entered the room. They were the only childish things about him, those great, trusting eyes, and they pleaded for him more eloquently than words.

The Ambassador counted out some notes, and pushed them across the table.

The little boy picked them up.

"Thank you, sir," he said; and he turned and walked quietly out.

It was weeks before they saw him again, and in the meantime those terrible days of horror and bloodshed had passed, and peace had come back to poor storm-tossed France.

He looked thinner and frailer than ever, but he walked with the same gentle dignity that sat so strangely on his childish figure. He said he had taken his mother to safer apartments, but that the shock and anxiety she had suffered had made her very ill. Their little stock of money had dwindled away till nothing was left of it, and they had been on the verge of despair when, that very morning, the long-looked-for letter had arrived.

He pulled out a little bundle of notes.

"I have come to return the money," he said. "You have been very kind, and we are very grateful. Good-bye, sir, and thank you very much."

And he was gone.

NEXT WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

and What Happened on Them

Sunday, March 30. Hungary on this day in 1848 declared herself independent of Austria. She was subdued after a cruel war, and Austria-Hungary became a dual monarchy.

Monday. Charlotte Brontë, one of the most brilliant of English novelists, died in 1855, after a sad and struggling life.

Tuesday. Bismarck, founder of the German Empire, was born in 1815.

Wednesday. The battle of Copenhagen was fought on this day in 1801. Napoleon intended to use the Danish fleet for the invasion of England, but the English shattered the ships.

Thursday. Murillo, the great Spanish painter, died in 1682. Born in a cottage, he became one of the most famous of artists.

Friday. Napoleon, in 1814, offered to give up the thrones of France and Italy. The act was completed two days later, after which he was exiled to Elba.

Saturday. Lord Lister, whose surgical discoveries have been the means of saving millions of lives, was born in 1827.



MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

CHAPTER 4 The Silent Sea

A HEAVENLY day, the warm air soaked with sun, and the big yacht Flying Fox lay rolling idly on the Atlantic.

To the north the sea lay open to the farthest horizon, but the view to the south was bounded by a dark line which at first sight resembled a low-lying shoal, but which was actually the edge of the monstrous mass of weed covering the Sargasso Sea.

Alongside the yacht, attached to a long spar which projected well beyond her side, lay Martin Vaile's big flying boat, the Bat, and on the deck of the ship Martin himself, in the thick overalls of a pilot, stood exchanging a last few words with bluff old Captain Anson.

"This is for Mr. Meldrum, captain," said Martin, handing him a letter. "But, mind, I don't want him to have it until you get home again. Long before then you will have heard from me."

"I hope so, I'm sure, Martin," replied the captain, who was frowning uncomfortably.

"Oh, you'll hear all right," declared Martin with a smile. "I have told you there is wireless on the island."

"Ay, if there is an island at all," grumbled the skipper.

"There must be an island, or there wouldn't be wireless," insisted Martin.

"And suppose there is an island?" burst out the captain. "And suppose you reach it, what are you going to do when you get there? How do you know this chap that has sent the message will let you get away again? Suppose you tumble into trouble, how are you going to help you? Just remember this is as close as any ship can get to this unknown land. Let me tell you, Martin, if your good father was still alive he'd never have let you go off on a mad, wild-goose chase like this."

"But he is not alive," said Martin sadly. "And even if he were I don't think he would forbid me, captain. Remember this, my only objects in life are to clear his memory and to punish this man Willard. As I have told you already, I must have money for both these purposes. I firmly believe that what I am going to do will be my quickest and best way to make the necessary money. And, quite apart from all that, the man on the island wants help, and I feel that it's up to me to bring it. Now, don't try to discourage me," he went on quietly. "My mind is made up. Let me feel that I have your good wishes, captain. I'm sure I shall need them."

"Certainly you have them, my lad," said the captain warmly, "and the good wishes of all aboard. Well, I'll say no more, except to wish you the best of luck. I hope you'll come out of it safely, with all the cash you want, and I for one will be uncommon glad to see you safe back again."

The two shook hands, then Martin went over the side and took his seat in the slim hull of the flying boat. The men above cast off, Martin touched the button of the self-starter, the engines roared, and the Bat shot away from the side of the yacht. Sweeping up the side of one of the long, slow swells, she reached the smooth top, and, taking off like a sea-bird, rose bodily into the air.

Martin kept driving up and up, and as the needle of his barograph sank so did the mercury in the tube of the thermometer beside it. Above the instruments was his

chart with the mark showing the exact position of the unknown island. He steered by compass, and kept the bows of his machine pointed almost precisely south.

Martin was a skilled pilot. He had been mad on aircraft even before he first went to school; and his father, realising this, had started his training when he was only ten years old. His wealth had made it easy for him to give the boy the best teachers, and at seventeen Martin was not only a first-class pilot and a certificated wireless operator, but he had a wider knowledge of general science, of electricity and of chemistry, than most men of double his age.

Having made sure that all was running right, Martin settled himself comfortably in his seat. Once in the air, a plane is far easier to handle than a motor-car. He was able to take it easy and to look about him.

Glancing downwards, he saw that he was already far from the open sea. Beneath him spread the brown mat of weed, stretching mile after mile in tangled masses.

Yet it was not all weed, for it was broken by lagoons of exquisitely blue water. And, even at the height at which he sailed, he could see that these lagoons were full of life; the tropic sea seemed clear as blue glass, and he could see, far down in the depths, strange forms gliding at great speed. Once he noticed a huge whale, looking as if carved out of black rubber, in the act of breaching. In another pool he caught a glimpse of a monstrous tangle of twisted antennae, which he realised, with a shudder, must be one of the tremendous cuttles which are known to infest the tideless depths of the Sargasso.

Then he saw a ship. A sailing ship of large size she must have been, but her masts had gone overboard, leaving only the stumps; the cordage had rotted away, and she lay silent, mouldering, lifeless, waiting until slow decay should cause her to sink into the hidden depths under the tangle which surrounded her.

He looked back. Very far to the north lay the blue line of open sea, and a tiny trail of smoke told where the Flying Fox steamed onwards to her destination. Martin shivered. After all, he was only seventeen, and he felt terribly alone.

This feeling soon passed. The interest of the scene enthralled him. For now he saw more ships, and he noticed that, the farther he got into the heart of the ocean jungle, the more ancient the type of vessel that lay within its festering tangles. Here was a galleon with a high poop-castle and quaintly curved bow, and a mile away a strange-looking ship which was like a picture he had seen of the Great Harry, a famous war vessel of the sixteenth century. It seemed clear that either the weed area had been steadily increasing during the centuries or that some hidden current sucked the trapped

ships deeper and deeper into the heart of the weed sea.

An hour had passed. It had seemed like five minutes. But he did not yet begin to strain his eyes for sight of the island, for he knew that he had still fully two hundred miles to go. And even the towering peak of Tenerife is not visible more than a hundred miles out to sea.

Now he passed across a wide belt of open water which fairly teemed with marine life. Here was a school of cachalots, led by an old bull that must, Martin thought, be over a hundred feet in length. It came to him that this was where the whales had sought refuge from man's age-long persecution.

Another hour. Still the breeze held, still the sky was unsullied by a single cloud, and still his engines thundered in perfect rhythm.

Martin began to glance ahead. His heart was beating rapidly. At any minute he might sight the goal of his adventurous journey.

What was that? Was it a white cloud, or was it the gleam of a snow-capped peak hung high against the southern sky? Five minutes more, and Martin, half choked with excitement, knew that it was indeed a mountain. The island was no dream.

CHAPTER 5 The Mysterious Island

Fifty minutes later, and the Bat was shooting like a meteor towards a vast dark mass of land surrounded by a wide belt of shining sea. Martin was near enough to see plainly the enormous cliffs and frowning precipices which bounded it.

The island was about twenty miles long and nearly as wide. In the centre rose a mountain with twin peaks white with snow, and from one of which a thin coil of smoke snaking lazily across the blue proclaimed it to be a volcano not yet extinct.

Here and there were patches of vivid green, but whether forest or bush, or merely grass-land he was not yet near enough to see. To the west, so far away as to be merely a blur on the horizon, was what appeared to be another island.

As Martin drew nearer he was more and more impressed by the savage grandeur of the scenery. This was no coral island, but a great volcanic mass, clearly a survival of some vast continent long since whelmed in the depths of the sea.

He stared hard, but could see no sign of life upon the land. The only smoke was the faint curl from the tail peak. There was no sign of house or building, nor, as far as he could see, of any cultivated land.

The next thing that struck him—and struck him very unpleasantly—was that there did not seem to be any place to make a landing. There was the sea, of course, but if he alighted on the sea he was faced with those enormous cliffs, up which there appeared to be no way of climbing. There was not a yard of beach anywhere. Even the deepest inlets seemed to be mere fiords faced with grim precipices.

Rising again, he circled higher, the roar of his engine coming back in rattling echoes from the wilderness of crags below. The higher he rose the less he liked the look of things. It seemed certain that he must either land upon the sea, or

else turn and fly back to where he had come from.

Martin was one of those lucky people whose brain always works most quickly in an emergency, and like a flash it came to him that, even if he could not see the nameless inhabitant of this mysterious island, it was probable that the other was aware of his approach. He remembered his wireless.

While it is still rare for any plane to carry a wireless sending installation, all the larger types of modern aircraft are fitted with receiving apparatus. It was the work of a moment to clap the telephones to his ears and release the wire.

Instantly came the whistling notes in sequence, and presently he was reading out a message repeated time and time again:

"Pass twin peak to north. Land on lake beyond!"

Instantly obeying the order, he opened his throttle to its widest and went rushing round the shoulder of the northern peak. He gave it a wide berth. As it was, the hot air from below, mingling with the cold breath from the snow-capped heights, made wild eddies which swung his big plane giddily. But the giant power of his engines carried him safely through this peril and, sure enough, beyond and beneath lay the lake that the message had told of.

It was a mountain tarn, perhaps three miles long and a mile wide, and rimmed with precipices looking every bit as savage and inaccessible as the sea-cliffs themselves.

Yet Martin did not hesitate. He had every confidence in the mysterious guidance which had brought him so far, and, besides, he had no choice in the matter. Cutting out his engines, he glided down in a long, silent volplane, to land, light as a homing sea-bird, upon the dark surface of the lonely lake.

He had now been flying for more than four hours, and it was a relief to his tired nerves to release the controls and lie back a moment and look around him. The lake, as he had observed already, was long and narrow. It was evidently of enormous depth, and, from the black basalt cliffs which bordered it, he gathered that its bed must be the crater of an old fissure eruption.

Martin was not left long to consider his surroundings. All of a sudden the quick beat of a motor engine reached his ears, and, looking behind him, he saw a small launch shooting towards him at great speed. Where it came from he had not the slightest idea, for so far he had seen no possible landing-place. Yet there it was, and in the stern sat a man who steered his smart craft straight towards the flying boat.

Martin's heart throbbed with excitement. Here was the stranger who had called to him across all those thousands of miles of ocean.

CHAPTER 6 The Master of the Island

Soon the launch was near enough for Martin to see the face and figure of the solitary steersman. The first thing of which Martin was conscious was that the stranger was a man of great height and magnificent physique, the second that he was old beyond belief.

His hair, still thick, was white as the ice cap of the great peak above, and so were his beard and moustache. The skin of his face was brown as parchment and seamed

with a million wrinkles, and his cheekbones stood out prominent like those of a mummy. Yet his eyes were dark and piercing as a young man's, and there was still an air of power and strength about him, which was intensely impressive. Martin stared at him as though fascinated. He felt himself in the presence of an unusual personality.

The launch came alongside, and Martin found himself waiting breathlessly for the other to speak.

He had not long to wait. The white-haired giant raised his soft hat courteously.

"Welcome to Lost Island," he said in a deep, rich voice. "My name is Julius Distin, and I wish to assure you that I am very grateful to you for coming to my help."

"I am Martin Vaile," Martin answered simply. "I consider myself very lucky to have been the one to pick up your message."

Julius Distin looked at Martin thoughtfully.

"You took it yourself?" he questioned quietly.

"Yes," replied Martin. "I was trying some extra wave lengths, and I just chanced on your signals."

Distin nodded. "The true spirit," he said. "You are young to have it. You are young, too, to have made such a flight unaided. So that is an aeroplane? I have never seen one."

Martin gasped. He simply could not say a word. The idea that this wonderful old man had never so much as set eyes upon an aeroplane struck him as the most amazing thing he had ever heard.

Distin smiled. "Yes, I have no doubt you are surprised. But it is nineteen years since I last visited the outer world. Still, the shape is familiar to me. I know of all the latest experiments, from the Wrights onwards."

"By your wireless, sir?"

"No, I have books."

Again Martin could only stare, and again the old man smiled. It was a pleasing smile, Martin thought.

"Wait a while," went on Distin. "I will tell you all about these things a little later on. But first we must get in. We have sharp storms here sometimes, and it would never do to risk this beautiful machine of yours. Give me your tow-rope."

"I can taxi in," said Martin.

"No, you must not waste your petrol. I can tow you easily."

He took the rope, made it fast, restarted his engine, and turned back. As they neared the cliff on the north side of the lake, Martin saw a great rift open, a sort of fiord only a few yards wide, but very deep. The towering cliffs nearly met overhead. They passed straight down it, and as they went it grew narrower, until at last they were moving in deep gloom under a vast arch of rock resembling the aisle of a giant cathedral.

Distin stopped the launch. "Here we are," he said; and Martin realised that they were floating in deep water at the foot of a low quay of rock. The old man rose to his feet and stepped out. There was the click of a switch, and Martin blinked in the dazzle of huge arc-lamps which shed a glare of white light over a monstrous staircase hewn in the living rock and stretching away up into the heart of the mountain.

Before Martin could recover from his astonishment, Distin stepped to one side and pulled over a lever. There came a sound like the fireproof curtain dropping in a theatre, and Martin saw a real curtain of metal bars descending behind them from the roof of the cave. It dropped to the water and below it.

Martin turned amazed eyes upon his guide.

"What—?" he began.

"We have our enemies," said the old man, gravely. "It is as well to be on the safe side."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

To the shop of Mister Jones, whose business was bread,

Augustus and young Marmaduke, on mischief bent, were led.

"We'll drop some spiders in the dough," said Marmaduke with glee,

"The people will be glad to have some spider-bread for tea."

As they were leaning o'er the bin, somebody banged a door.

And both the boys fell in the dough and sank right to the floor.

When at last they struggled out, the boys you scarce would know;

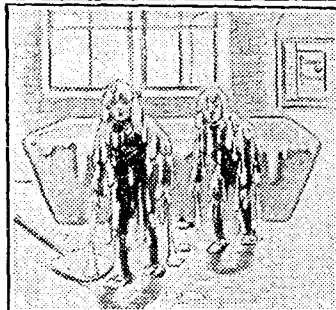
Augustus and young Marmaduke were lumps of moving dough.

Then came up angry Mister Jones, and this is what he said,

"Why, bless my heart, I never did! there goes my batch of bread."

He placed them back inside the bin and pushed them to and fro,

And made them into cottage loaves and baked them thro' and thro'.



Augustus and young Marmaduke were lumps of moving dough

A Merry Heart Goes All The Way

DR. MERRYMAN

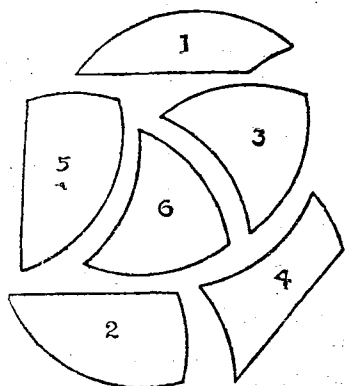
Jack: "Did you really win three prizes at school?"

George: "Yes, and one was for excellence of memory."

Jack: "And the others?"

George: "Oh, I forget what they were for!"

The Mysterious Circle



Cut out these pieces, or trace them, and put them together to make a solid circle. *Solution next week*

A tortoise looked down at her egg. And remarked, as she drew in one leg:

"You've a shell; so have I! To admire you I'll try; But don't ask me to hatch you, I beg!"

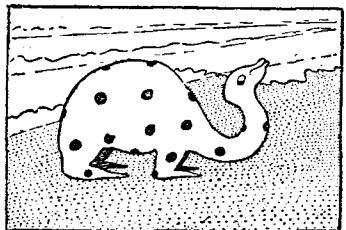
Is Your Name Charles?

The name Charles comes down to us from the old Greek, and means strong, manly, and noble-spirited. In Italy Carlo corresponds to Charles, in Spain Carlos, and in Germany Carl. The feminine is Caroline and Charlotte.

Wigg: "The population in London is very dense, isn't it?"

Wagg: "Dense is no name for it. They can't understand my jokes."

The Zoo that Never Was



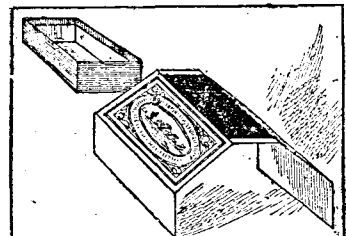
The Spotted Mackle

About the spotted mackle. Perhaps you'd like to learn: He always gives a cackle When the tide begins to turn.

The Matchbox Bridge

Split open the outer case of a matchbox, and place it on a smooth table, and an inch or two behind it in a straight line place the inner case as shown in the sketch.

The puzzle is to get the inner case through the bridge formed by



the outer case without touching it. You must not get behind the bridge or tilt the table.

It is very simple when you know how to do it. Just lock your fingers together, and place your open hands behind the inner case and blow hard upon your hands, when the case will be forced through the bridge.

Odd or Even?

Give a person a shilling and a halfpenny; tell him to hold one in each hand, and to reckon 4 for the silver and 3 for the copper.

Then ask him to triple what is

in his right hand, and double what is in his left, and give you the total product.

If this is an even number the silver will be in the right hand; if it is an odd number the silver will be in the left hand.

There was a bold sailor of Skye, Who thought he could easily fly; So he jumped with a flop Off a high mountain-top, But he walked home again with a sigh.

Magic Properties

The properties of figures are very mysterious and inexplicable, and afford endless interest. Take, for instance, the figures 142857. Using these in varied order, though always in similar sequence, and in connection with 7 and 9, we get the following very extraordinary results:

142857 × 7 = 999999 ÷ 9 = 111111
285714 × 7 = 1999998 ÷ 9 = 222222
428571 × 7 = 2999997 ÷ 9 = 333333
571428 × 7 = 3999996 ÷ 9 = 444444
714285 × 7 = 4999995 ÷ 9 = 555555
857142 × 7 = 5999994 ÷ 9 = 666666

"I made ugly faces at your sister the other day, but I suppose she didn't see me."

"Oh, yes, she did; but she thought they were natural."

The Bookworm Puzzle

In our picture we see volumes one and two of the Children's Encyclopedia. The width across the back of each volume is 1½ inches, including the covers. Now supposing a bookworm started to bore its way through from the first page of Vol. I. to the last page of Vol. II., what distance would it have travelled when its journey was finished? Try it yourself and ask

your friends. The answer you or they give will most likely be hopelessly wrong. *Answer next week*

Curious London

Can you say where in London some children's toys are buried? Inside the pedestal upon which stands Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment are a number of jars containing a set of British coins, a railway guide, a map of London, some children's toys and copies of newspapers. These are put there to help people of future years to understand something of the way people of the present day lived.

I Dreamed Next Tuesday Week

I dreamed a dream next Tuesday week,
Beneath the apple trees;
I thought my eyes were big pork pies,
And my nose was Stilton cheese.
The clock struck twenty minutes to six,
When a frog sat on my knee;
I asked him to lend me eighteen-pence,
But he borrowed a shilling of me.

Careful Housekeeper: "Have you boiled the drinking water?"
Faithful Servant: "Yes'm."
"And sterilised the milk?"
"Yes'm."
"What is this in the soup?"
"Oh, that is only a cockroach, mum!"

Buzz-Buzz

Three thousand and thirty-three bees
All swarmed in the boughs of some trees;
John thought he'd contrive
To catch in a hive
These bees in the trees which he sees.

Big Brother Adolphus

"I'm going to London to buy a bicycle," said Big Brother Adolphus.

"I'm going too," said Jacko, quietly.

Big Brother Adolphus marched off to the train and got in. But he jumped out again to buy a paper, and while he was gone someone hopped into the carriage, swung himself on to the luggage rack, and squeezed down out of sight.

Back came Big Brother Adolphus, and sat down in the corner just underneath. The guard slammed the door and they were off.

"It's a good thing I didn't bring young Jacko," said Adolphus, as he opened his paper. "I shouldn't have had a moment's peace."

Two long arms came down from the rack over his head.

"What a wind!" he said. "It's lifting the hat off my head."

So he took his hat off, and went on reading.

By-and-by he took out a packet of cakes and some apples.

Down came the long arms again, and the apples disappeared.

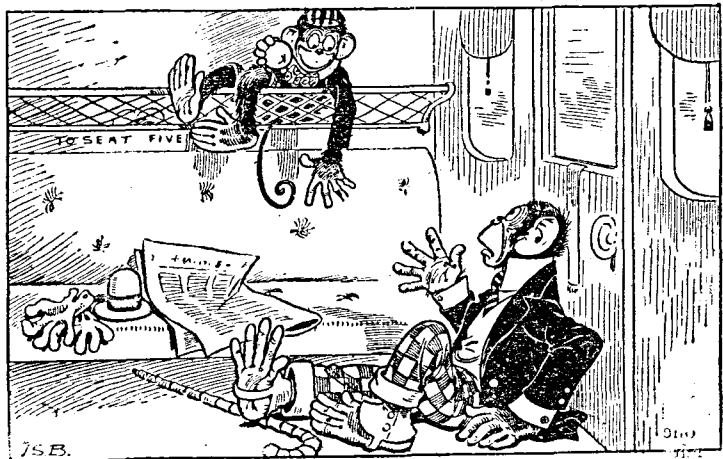
"Where can my apples have gone?" said Adolphus, stooping down and looking under the seat.

Down came the arms again, and the cakes disappeared.

Up bobbed Big Brother Adolphus.

"I can't see them," he said; "I'll have to make the best of the cakes, I suppose— Well! If they haven't gone now! What ever? How? What? Somebody's playing a trick on me!"

Up he jumped, waving his stick. He poked under the seats,



and then he looked up at the rack. There sat Jacko, munching cakes and apples and grinning from ear to ear!

Big Brother Adolphus was so astonished that he stepped back, fell over his cane, and sat down with a bang on the floor!

Jacko burst out laughing.

"You young villain!" roared Adolphus. "Come down and I'll give you the biggest thrashing you ever had in your wicked little life!"

Jacko shook his head; but he was laughing so much that he rolled over, and down he fell—right on top of his big brother's Sunday hat!

Just then the train stopped, and in came a man crying:

"Tickets, please!"

In the excitement Big Brother Adolphus had dropped his ticket. Jacko saw it, pounced on it, and handed it politely to the inspector.

"Here you are," he said, with a face as cool as a cucumber.

And while Big Brother Adolphus, with a face as red as a beetroot, was hunting all through his pockets, Jacko sprang out of the train and disappeared.

More of Jacko next week

The Cobbler's Boy

Put back the clock a hundred years, and take a peep into a cobbler's shop.

The cobbler is busy, and his little son is watching him, their heads close together, their eyes keen with interest, their lips smiling. The father is making a little toy theatre.

There was not a happier family anywhere; but war came, and the father went away, and never came back. The home was broken up, and the boy had to leave his puppets, and the stories he used to make up about them, and go out into the world to help his mother.

He went to a cloth factory, but instead of learning to weave he spent his time amusing the men, singing songs and telling his stories. His stories were pleasing, and so was his voice, and the notion came into his head that he would like to go on the stage.

So he left the factory, and when he was fourteen he ran away from home to make his fortune.

He went to the big city and tried to get work, but no one would have anything to do with him. But he found someone to listen to him at last, and it was the Director of Music. The great man took a fancy to him, and gave him lessons.

The boy wrote home in great glee to say that his chance had come; but, alas! his voice broke, and the lessons ceased.

Poor lad! He wandered about the streets seeking work, and at last they gave him a few shillings a week to make one of the crowd in a big stage scene.

But he was not happy, for people laughed at his queer ways. And it was not surprising, for he was not like them; he lived in a world of fantastic figures, with delightful beings who grew out of his imagination. But all people saw in him was an awkward lout of a fellow, shy, over-sensitive, greedy of praise, and vain. To the end of his life he was like a great schoolboy.

But there was one man who had not forgotten him. His old friend the Director believed in him; and he got the King to send him to school. This time it was the children who made fun of him. But he went on, still living in his dreams, still writing his stories. From the school he went to the University, and while there he wrote a play, which was produced at a theatre.

From that day things went well with him. People stopped laughing at him, and praised the stories he wrote; fairy stories they were mostly—full of charm and delightful fancies that everybody loved.

Gradually he grew to himself a great circle of friends and admirers. But his greatest admirers were always the children, and to this day they hold in their hearts a deep affection for this queer genius of a man. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

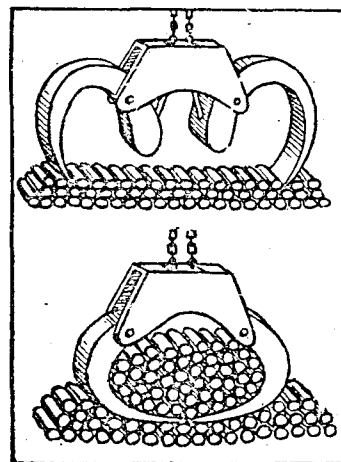


THE BEGGARMAN LAST WEEK WAS COLUMBUS!

ORDER YOUR PAPER FOR NEXT WEEK NOW

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is Timber Unloaded from Barges?



As the grab is raised, the tongs fall and close on the logs

Anxious Passenger (waiting for his boat): "I say, my man, is that boat going up or down?"

Riverside Loafer: "Well, guv'nor, I really can't say. She's a leaky old tub, so she may be goin' down. But, then, her boilers ain't none too good, so I shouldn't be surprised if she suddenly went up."

Do You Live at Wycombe?

Wycombe means a village between two hills or in a bowl-shaped valley.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEMS

A Favourite Fruit

The objects are:
GONG
RING
STACK
CAN
GRATE

HOUSE

Making the word orange.

Blacks and whites puzzle

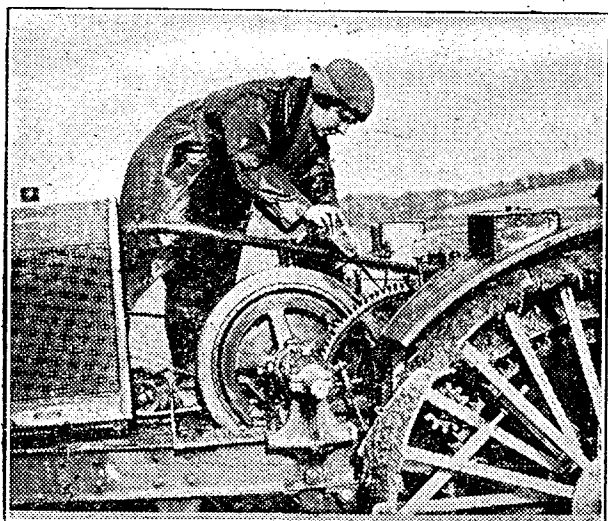
Move C to D, E to C, F to E, D to F, B to D, A to B, C to A, E to C, G to E, F to G, D to F, B to D, C to B, E to C, D to E.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

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SPRING IS HERE. SUNSHINE AND FLOOD. THE SHIP THAT MAY FLY THE ATLANTIC



Spring on the Farms—A Tractor Driver at Work in Kent



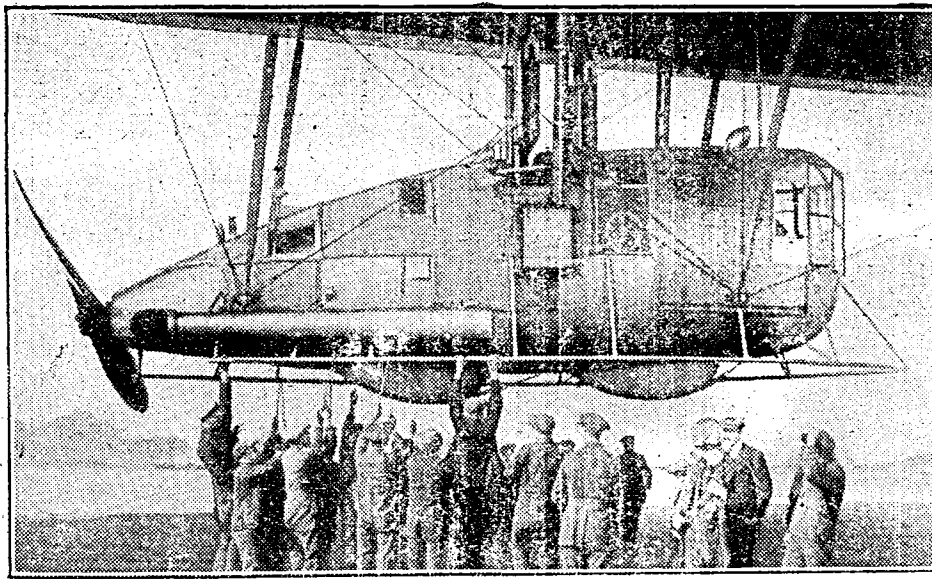
Feeding the Spring Lamb



Schoolboys at the Hurdles



A Cherokee Red Indian
See story on page one



One of the Gondolas of R 34, the Great British Airship, which may enter the Atlantic Race



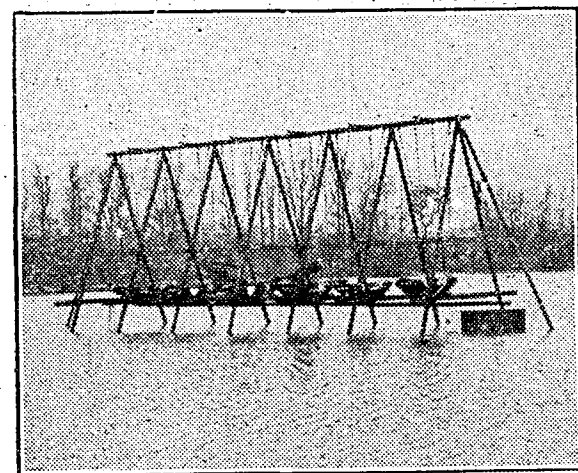
Queen of Rumania with her Daughters and Princess Mary



Sea Scouts looking after Coastguards' Gardens in Cornwall



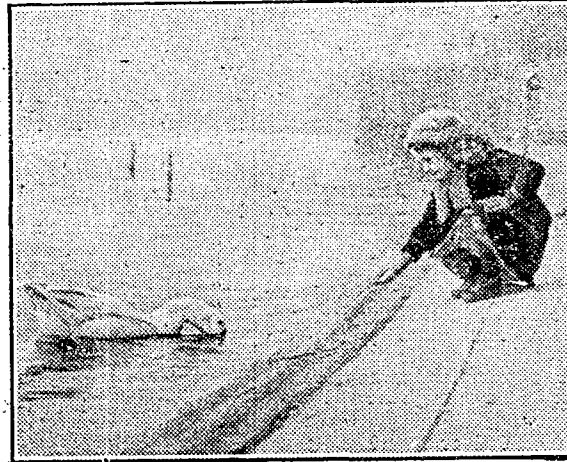
The Women who helped to build the R 34 cheer it on its First Ascent



Who will have a Swing Boat?—A Penny a Ride



A Globe of the World in Carnations and Violets, shown at a Tournament in California



A Sunny Day in a London Park

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